**THE UNHOLY MRS. KNIGHT**

**by Kingsley Martin**

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# The Amnesty in Kenya

THE scope of the amnesty now offered to Mau Mau terrorists in return for surrender to the security forces goes much further than anything offered before. It differs from the original surrender offer of August, 1953, which is still in force, in that murder (and not merely "carrying arms" or "consorting with terrorists") is comprised in it. And it differs from the abortive offer of April, 1954—the tragically unsuccessful attempt to negotiate a mass-surrender with "General China"—in that its effective term is, at this stage, indefinite, and not merely for a predetermined period of negotiation.

It says in effect: For those who now surrender, there will be no prosecution, and therefore no execution, for any offence under the Emergency Laws, including murder, committed before last Tuesday. All those who do surrender, however, will be subjected to the screening process which has become familiar during the Emergency, and may be detained indefinitely without trial. In other words, for the period of the amnesty, Mau Mau is being raised to the status of a belligerent military force, and its individual adherents are offered treatment which differs from that of a P.W. only in that it includes the possibility of an immediate return to civil life. At the same time it is announced (and reasonably when judged alongside this offer to the terrorists) that no new prosecutions will be brought against members of the security forces for offences committed, again before last Tuesday, in the course of their service.

We do not see how any Government in the existing circumstances could go further than this. The offer is imaginative and well-timed. It marks the climax of the sustained effort, in which both the Governor and the Commander-in-Chief have joined, to convince the mass of Kikuyu that co-operation with the authorities is a better bet than fighting on, with the hard core of Mau Mau, to inevitable destruction. It also marks the victory, at least temporarily, of the liberals in the Administration—as well as in the Army and the White community—over the Settler majority, which has been too often content to counter barbarism only with violence, and rebellion with lawless repression. Finally, it is timed for a moment when the Intelligence reports suggest, rightly or wrongly, that many of the terrorists have lost their stomach for the fight, and when General Erskine's military sweep of the Aberdare Forest has achieved its full effect.

So far so good. Some such gesture as this, combining both military and political action, must be the starting point in rehabilitating the Kikuyu and winding up the Kenya Emergency. Yet in congratulating both the Kenya Government and General Erskine—who throughout his command has shown a political sagacity rare among statesmen!—it is worth observing that an offer of this kind is no more than the barest beginning of a solution to Kenya's problems. Assuming that the authorities are alert to prevent sabotage of a surrender by extremists on either side. it is still likely enough that, for some reason beyond the Government's control, the offer will fail to produce the scale of mass-surrender which alone could create a new situation. But even if it succeeds, as one may reasonably hope it will in the short term, the longer-range prospect remains cloudy and somewhat forbidding.

This week's offer constitutes a means, roughly speaking, of fetching the dissident Kikuyu out of the forests and into the prison camps. The greater objective, however, comes afterwards. It is leading the ex-rebels out of the prison camps and into citizenship; and it is at this point that the social and political prejudice of the Settler community casts a shadow before it. In the long run, Kenya must aim at being a multi-racial community. That means offering basically the same citizenship, with its duties and rewards, to Europeans, Asians and Africans. The best that can be hoped of any purely anti-Mau Mau campaign is that it will succeed in separating the political agitation of a subject race from the atavism and savagery of the jungle. Whether that separation, once accomplished, can be maintained, depends on whether reasonable opportunities are provided for lawful and constructive political advance without violence. The answer to that question depends on political decisions not yet taken. But Europeans in Kenya must understand that their own future and safety, and not merely that of the Africans, will probably be determined by the way in which the Settler community faces the problem of devising a new form of Kenya citizenship in which all races can share.

## Moscow and Germany

The Russian declaration on Germany, broadcast by Moscow Radio last week-end, makes one valid point: ratification of the Paris Agreements is incompatible with the reunification of Germany—for the present, at least. The Social-Democrats will be helped by that argument in their stubborn fight in the Bundestag. The reward, however, which Moscow offers the Federal Republic for rejection of the Agreements is hedged with qualifications which the Bonn Government has been quick to recognise. Unity would be a goal at the end of a "path of development," paved by restoration of Moscow-Bonn diplomatic relations, and by all-German "free" elections, possibly under international supervision. Every "democratic party" must be free to campaign, but account must be taken of the electoral laws of the German Democratic Republic as well as of the Federal Republic. The task of reconciling these laws in a single electoral instrument would not be easy. In any case, the Bonn Government's reaction has been a flat rejection of Russia's terms; and it is difficult to believe that serious hopes were entertained in Moscow that the other members of Western Union could now be induced to change their minds about the rearmament of the Federal Republic. The broadcast, in fact, was probably designed for the day when the Federal Republic gains full sovereignty. The U.S.S.R. is putting itself into the position of being able to say that Dr. Adenauer "rejected unity," and then to negotiate with his opponents.

## Atomic Energy for All

The Western Powers will not serve their own cause if they underestimate the effect of the Soviet offer to make universally available the results of Russian experience in industrial atomic energy. Last June the Russians announced that they were going ahead with a project for an industrial generating station, worked by atomic energy, with a capacity of from 50,000 to 150,000 kilowatts. However that may be, the experience gained from their 5,000 kw. pilot plant (the existence of which nobody seriously doubts) would be invaluable to countries which do not have this degree of technical knowledge. Members of the Eastern Bloc are at once to be given full information and help; and a leading Soviet physicist is to be dispatched to the U.N. for discussions. We recall that, when the Russians exploded their first H-bomb, a member of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission remarked that an event of even more shattering significance would have been the announcement that they had developed atomic energy for industrial use, and were prepared to trade that knowledge for economic and political advantage. The present Russian offer can, in fact, give substance to the Eisenhower plan, by which it is at present proposed to make fissionable material available through an atomic bank and to discuss the means by which such material could best be used by those countries which need atomic energy. In a world hungry for additional power, the impact of Moscow's offer will be considerable.

## Costa Rica Upheld

Though more invaders have been landed on both coasts of Costa Rica, the Government seems to have contained and broken up the original force that crossed the Nicaraguan frontier last week. More important, President Figueres has secured the admission, by the fact-finding group from the Organisation of American States, that Costa Rica was the victim of aggression and that neighbouring States were involved in the affair. The Americans have accepted this finding—though the U.S. does not seem to have given much political support to the Figueres Government nor has it condemned Nicaragua—and have agreed to sell Costa Rica a few elderly military aircraft. The O.A.S. committee, moreover, was discreetly hesitant about allocating blame for the outbreak, or even naming the other countries involved. Whether President Somoza of Nicaragua—whose son, as head of the militia, is reported to be directing the invasion—consulted the U.S. ambassador before promoting the "revolt," or merely assumed he could count on Washington's tacit approval, the crucial point is that the O.A.S. decision has probably prevented a successful repetition of the tactics which succeeded in Guatemala.

## Bustamente Defeated

The first problem that Mr. Norman Manley and the People's National Party may have to face, as a result of their election victory in Jamaica, is the desire of the Colonial Office to limit the immigration of Jamaicans into this country. The conditions which are driving them out of the island, indeed, helped Mr. Manley's Socialist group to defeat the Bustamente party, which is Labour in name yet has been run by its demagogic leader as a machine which won votes from the poor in the interests of business and property. The Labour Party had been aided in its period of power by money from the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund, by U.S. tourist dollars and by the new bauxite workings, but it was tarred by corruption (two Ministers convicted) and violence. Moreover, it had certainly failed to make the most of the island's resources. This was the central point of the attack made by Mr. Manley, who is an intelligent, middle-of-the-road Socialist. The P.N.P. put forward a big development programme, particularly directed at the island's backward and neglected agriculture, and helped by the establishment of a central bank; and it supports West Indian federation—an issue on which Mr. Bustamente never took a consistent position.

## Danger to the Gold Coast

The riots early this month in Ashanti are outward evidence of the dangerous situation which has been developing in the Gold Coast since last year's general election. Although Ashanti then returned 18 of Dr. Nkrumah's C.P.P. candidates out of 21 seats, trouble was brewing even at that stage over the Party's system of centrally appointed candidates. Soon after the election, the Government fixed the local producer price for cocoa at 72s. a load, when the farmers were demanding 150s. (It was claimed that, at the time, the world price was over £15.) The economic resentment caused by this move linked itself with the already existing hostility of the Ashanti chiefs and their traditionalist supporters, who disliked the growth of party political government and the reduction of their feudal powers. These grievances, coupled with the time-honoured Ashanti suspicion that the Ashanti Protectorate was being dominated by the Southern Colony, were systematically played on by Opposition leaders who have banded themselves together in the National Liberation Movement. Allegations of corruption, nepotism, economic favouritism in the interests of the Colony against the Protectorate have been freely made; and even an ancient conflict between Nkrumah's tribe, the Mzima, and the Ashanti has been raked up. Today it is scarcely an exaggeration to report that neither Nkrumah nor his leading supporters would dare to appear in Ashanti. The leaders of the N.L.M. believe that they may be able to secure some recognition of their complaints in London, and their demonstrations of violence are aimed at this. Belatedly Nkrumah has offered round-table discussions; but will the offer be accepted at present?

## Teachers' Pensions

Sir David Eccles has summoned the local authorities' and teachers' organisations to a conference on February 16 on the subject of teachers' pensions. Last year, Miss Horsbrugh tried to rush through Parliament a Bill under which the teachers' contributions to superannuation funds were to be increased from 5 to 6 per cent.; but this proposal was met by so many protests, both in and out of Parliament, that the Bill had to be dropped. Sir David Eccles, as Miss Horsbrugh's successor, now declares the Government's readiness, if a new scheme can be agreed on, to take over the existing deficit of the Superannuation Fund. In return, he insists that any new scheme must be actuarially sound and must include provisions for keeping it so if conditions change. The teachers' organisations, on their side, oppose any increase in contributions above 5 per cent. as a breach of faith, on the ground that the existing scheme forms part of the terms on which they accepted employment. Some of them at any rate are also demanding that any new scheme must include provision for pensions for teachers' widows and orphans, on the lines of the existing scheme for civil servants. Sir David's new plan, by bringing the teachers and the local authorities together from the start, is a marked advance on last year's folly; but any proposal to make the teachers pay a higher proportion of their salaries will continue to meet vigorous resistance.

## PARIS

### Back to the Third Republic?

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* With a general election due in 1956, the French Government is now considering a revision of the existing electoral law. The principal change in view is an abandonment of the large Departmental constituencies and the modified P.R. under which the 1951 election was held, and a return to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, or the small constituency electing a single Deputy by direct vote—with a second ballot, if necessary.

Whether the Assembly will agree to a return to the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is a moot point. The direct vote system, as practised in France, is not a particularly satisfactory electoral mechanism. Owing to the dual role played by most French politicians in both local and national assemblies, the single-seat constituency encourages what the French call *la politique du clocher*—parish pump politics. The second ballot usually leads to the most reprehensible forms of political bargaining. The system clearly favours parties based upon loose confederations of local interests, rather than those dedicated to a homogeneous series of political principles and controlled by tightly-organised machines. It similarly favours candidates with strong local connections at the expense of party nominees from Paris. There are, however, many factors which encourage a return to the direct vote. The 1951 system, with its lists, *apparentements*, preferential votes and *panachages* (fractional votes), presents grave difficulties to a people who have had no experience in filling in football pools. Moreover, the direct vote has always been supported by the "local" parties—the Radicals, Independents and Peasants. It is also favoured by smaller parties, such as the U.D.S.R., which tend to be penalised by the "monolithic" clauses in the 1951 law. And it is, of course, favoured by the growing number of Deputies who have been expelled by the various parties during the present parliament.

Two of the main parties—the Socialists and the Gaullists—are divided over the issue. The Socialists were undoubtedly penalised by the *scrutin d'arrondissement* in the Thirties, and they helped, of course, to pass the 1951 law. But their support for P.R. has never been enthusiastic, and under the present political conditions they might stand in danger of losing seats if the *apparentements* are retained. In addition, the Socialists are much more a "local" party than they were before the war. Naturally, M. Mollet and the central machine will view with suspicion any system which tends to loosen Party ties. But even from M. Mollet's point of view there is something to be said for the changes. His main strength lies in the North, where the two largest parties are the C.P. and the Socialists. As last year's Pas de Calais bye-election showed, the Socialists can win seats from the C.P. by benefiting from an anti-C.P. coalition on the second ballot. In the North they are likely to win more seats this way than by forming an *apparentement* and being forced to share their gains with other parties.

The Gaullists, on the whole, are more hostile to the direct vote than the Socialists. Naturally they detest the 1951 law (though much less strongly than in 1951). But they are also opposed to the pre-war system, since the R.P.F. was essentially a "national" as opposed to a "local" political movement, and most of the Gaullist Deputies have no local following. On the other hand, they no longer possess a national organisation either, and it is difficult to see how they could present national lists if the P.R. system were maintained.

Finally, the Opposition. In theory, the C.P. should prefer a direct vote system, since they are the largest party. In practice, however, the second ballot always works against them, and they prefer a P.R. system—even with an anti-C.P. bias—which guarantees them a respectable number of Deputies. The M.R.P. are opposed for somewhat different reasons. They were the biggest beneficiaries (30 seats) under the *apparentement* system, and the direct vote would probably penalise them more than any other party. They are the least "local" of all the political groups and have no experience of the pre-war system. Furthermore, the various forms of political polarisation which take place during the second ballot tend to militate against a clerical candidate unless he is also a conservative.

The threat of the new electoral law hung heavily over the deliberations of the M.R.P. National Committee, which met last week-end. True, the Party had just won a tactical skirmish: M. Schneiter, who was elected Speaker of the Assembly last Tuesday, is the first "clerical" Deputy to occupy the post since 1927. As a member, however, of the moderate wing of the M.R.P., M. Schneiter has consistently refused to join M. Bidault's vendetta against the Mendès-France Government, and his supporters probably included a number of *Mendèsien* Radicals and Left-wing Socialists. In the final analysis, M. Le Troquer's defeat can, perhaps, be best described as a setback for M. Guy Mollet, whose struggle with the Socialist Parliamentary Party has now reached crisis point. Last week he even went so far as to offer his resignation as Secretary-General of the Party, though he speedily withdrew the offer when he saw it was in danger of being accepted. Officially, the troubles within the Socialist Party are to be finally "solved" at next month's Party Congress. But it is doubtful whether the Congress will do anything more than give M. Mollet yet another paper victory.

## WASHINGTON

### The Ladejinsky Case

*Our American Correspondent writes:* Disapproval of the Administration's "security programme" mounts *crescendo*. Senator Johnston, the new Democratic chairman of the Senate Civil Service Committee, has responded to the outcry by promising a full-scale investigation of the Government's procedures for determining who in Federal employ are "security risks." Doubts about the wisdom, efficacy and fairness of these procedures were brought to a head by the Ladejinsky case. Previous cases—Theodore Kaghan, J. Robert Oppenheimer, John Paton Davies—had raised comparable questions; but Ladejinsky, after being "fired" as a menace by one department, was promptly re-hired by another. It was thus made absurdly clear that confusion about the programme reigns within the Government itself.

President Eisenhower's comments at his press conference last week increased that confusion. He upheld both Secretary of Agriculture Benson, who did the firing, and Foreign Operations Adminstrator Stassen, who did the hiring. He said that Benson could quite reasonably have had some doubt about Mr. Ladejinsky's security. On the other hand, if Stassen thought otherwise, he was entitled to appoint Mr. Ladejinsky to another post. But, he added, Stassen would stand responsible if something should turn up to show his judgment was wrong. If this concept of exclusive departmental responsibility prevails, the morale of Government officials will sink even further. For, unless some sort of general regulation of security is applied throughout the Government service as a whole, no official can have any confidence in his personal status irrespective of how many previous clearances he may have received. Wolf Ladejinsky, for example, was twice cleared for security by the State Department; yet when his job was transferred to the Agriculture Department, he was unable to survive that agency's security tests. Now he is off to deal with land reform in Vietnam on behalf of the F.O.A., having been cleared by the security section within that department. Yet according to Eisenhower's thesis, his case can be re-opened at any time.

It is difficult to see what the Democratic investigation in the Congress can achieve without a change in Executive Order 10450, upon which the whole programme is based. This charges department heads with the responsibility of dismissing employees if "there is any reasonable doubt about their security." This test makes it wellnigh impossible for any official to be cleared once any "derogatory" information has been filed against him.

## KENYA

### The Young Report

*Our Kenya Correspondent writes:* The first reaction to Colonel Arthur Young's grant of a clean bill to the Kenya Police—following his joint inquiry with Mr. Justice Holmes into Chief Inspector Dracup's conduct of the Bruxner-Randall case—will probably be disbelief of the reports which had tried to trace his resignation to dissatisfaction with the state of the Force. But such a reaction would be false. The ex-Commissioner's Report, in fact, indicates his other stand. The material sentences in Colonel Young's Report are (a) *I see nothing arising from the present investigation or indeed elsewhere, which gives cause for any lack of confidence in the integrity of the Police, or that there is any justification for inferring that they are a law unto themselves.* (b) *In order to be worthy of their trust, the Police must themselves be trusted.* (c) *The failure of the Police (in this case) was three-fold. . . . In all these three particulars the Police were clearly wrong and, whilst their conduct can to a considerable extent be exculpated, it can never be justified;* and (d) *No Police can be perfect, but I am certain that the Police in Kenya are doing their best in circumstances that can only be appreciated by personal experience.*

This, then, implies: (a) that the police are trustworthy; (b) that under the present system they are not being given opportunities of fully discharging their trust; (c) that there have definitely been lapses in the case under review; (d) but that there were any number of extenuating circumstances for those lapses. That builds up a perfect case for an independent Police Force.

It would obviously have defeated Colonel Young's own demand for such a Force if he had found that the Police were wanting in fundamental trustworthiness and integrity. Equally, it would have contradicted the ex-Commissioner's case for Police independence if his present inquiry had shown him that the Force already had, in the present system, all the opportunities it needed to discharge its trust to the full. Nobody will suggest that Colonel Young was deliberately manufacturing a Report to justify his resignation. In any case, the inquiry came before, not after, the resignation. But what the inquiry may have done was to fortify him in his conviction that only a fundamental change in the system of Police administration could solve the problem of the Force in Kenya.

# The Unholy Mrs. Knight

EVERY week the B.B.C. broadcasts four hours and twenty-five minutes of religion on the Home Service, two hours on the Light Programme, and twenty-five minutes on the Third. This allocation of time includes various types of religious service as well as direct religious exhortation, regular prayers and such programmes as "Lift Up Your Hearts." It does not include religious instruction to schools, or various programmes which ingenuously imply the universal acceptance of views which, on the Church's repeated admission, are no longer held by the majority of the population. Many of the religious broadcasts are offensive to people brought up in the Christian faith. What can be more offensive to a follower of Christ, for instance, than to hear it asserted on the Light Programme and Forces' network that the best guidance to Christian behaviour is to be discovered by consulting a Biblical Concordance, from which the believer is to cull texts which are apparently regarded as equally authoritative whether they are drawn from the legend of the Garden of Eden, the more bloodthirsty episodes of Jewish history, or the precepts of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount? If such crudities shock sincere Christians, how much more irritating are they to thousands of Buddhists and Hindus, whose religions can claim equal credentials with those of Christianity, and to agnostics and other types of unbelievers who admittedly constitute the majority of radio listeners?

The flow of religious broadcasting—it now includes TV religion—has increased in recent years. It was in 1928 that the new Broadcasting Corporation was first allowed to broadcast about religious matters, the understanding being that it would do so within its general mandate to observe "impartiality" on all controversial topics. Sometimes the B.B.C.'s conscience—and we must in fairness add that the wiser of its religious advisers often remind it of its obligations in this matter—has led it to permit serious discussions on religious issues and, more rarely, expositions of an unorthodox type. Mrs. Knight's talk belonged to this class; she gave a direct, sensible, unemotional exposition of the familiar humanist case, which has been taken for granted for many years by the majority of educated people, who have perhaps too easily believed that the intellectual victory of rationalism has been assured ever since the days of Huxley and Tyndall.

The scream of horror that arose from Mrs. Knight's first broadcast did not, of course, come from the listening public, which did not, in any numbers, telephone or write to protest against a straightforward exposition of a commonly accepted point of view about religion, ethics, and the upbringing of children. The pious protests began in the columns of such exemplary champions of Christianity as the *Daily Express* and the *Sunday Graphic*. The *Graphic* on January 9 substituted for the usually rather different feminine portraits that appear on the front pages of Sunday newspapers, a photograph of the "Unholy Mrs. Knight" (in two inch headlines) who appeared a "cool, comfortable, harmless" woman, but who was in fact a "menace", disseminating dangerous "twaddle" that ought never to defile the ears of our children. It asked "what sort of world does this woman want?"—with the implication that if our children are brought up in the faith of John Stuart Mill or Professor Gilbert Murray, our society will collapse in bloodshed and chaos. Vital to our civilisation though this issue seemed to the *Sunday Graphic* of January 9, it oddly enough ceased to be worthy of its attention on January 16, after Mrs. Knight's second broadcast. The *Express*, equally anxious about our morals, was also sure that the B.B.C. had committed a shocking lapse when it allowed a broadcaster to suggest that good ethical standards do not depend on a transcendental faith.

More surprising, and far more offensive, was the *Daily Telegraph*, which, in the face of a large correspondence (the diversity of which was honestly exposed in its correspondence columns), adopted a line of argument which is supposed to have disappeared from English thought since the days of Milton and Locke. No doubt the author of this editorial article (January 13) was sincere in assuming that revealed truths are beyond controversy, and that agnosticism, or for that matter Buddhism, or any form of non-Christian religion, is only "tolerated" in England for reasons of expediency, and should not be tolerated at all on the B.B.C. With astonishing naivety, the *Daily Telegraph* asked, as if it were a rhetorical question, "what would be said" supposing "the new Independent Television Authority allows agnostic propaganda to be presented by one of the programme contracting companies?" This leader writer had apparently not asked himself "what will be said" by both agnostics and serious Christians if the I.T.A. is allowed to propagate the less rational forms of Christianity, and to evade the rational humanism which enabled Mrs. Knight to offer non-Christian parents excellent advice about the ethical instruction they should give to their children. The question is surely rather how much time ought to be permitted for the propagation of ecclesiastical doctrines held by comparatively few, when they do not seem to flow from, or, indeed, to be connected with the teaching of Christ, or to have any bearing on our everyday duty as citizens.

These puerile press attacks have naturally met with no endorsement from responsible religious leaders like the Archbishop of York, the Dean of St. Paul's, or Dr. Donald Soper. These men do not pretend that all professing Christians are good citizens, while rationalists are criminal types, undermining our Christian society. Indeed, they are well aware that humanism has been, and still is, the faith of a high proportion of the most respected leaders of the Western world during the last hundred years; that it is a creed that demands a particularly high ethical standard; and that, if Christianity is to survive among thoughtful people, and not be treated as an instrument of government over an ignorant mass, it must present, on its own behalf, a reasoned case which can survive criticism and which does not rely on the evanescent emotionalism of an evangelist like Billy Graham, or on the authoritarian dogmas of Rome. The Archbishop is certainly right that the lesson of Mrs. Knight's talks is that there should be more outspoken religious controversy. The B.B.C. should be encouraged to face, even in matters of religion, its duty of impartial controversy. Orthodox Christians, as well as the agnostics, should be allowed the chance of meeting serious criticism seriously and regularly on the wireless; they should prove to their own followers that they are interested in matters of personal behaviour as well as in doctrine, and they must support their theology in honest and frank argument with rationalists. If this is the outcome of Mrs. Knight's talks, she will indeed have done a good service by compelling Christians to state a reasoned case, and reminding humanists not to assume that their intellectual battle has been finally won.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

# The Future of Socialism

## II.—THE NEED FOR A NEW CRUSADE

WHAT, if the conditions outlined in my previous article have been correctly diagnosed, are those of us who still believe in Socialism to do? By "believing in Socialism," I mean believing in social equality, rejecting the solution of a Welfare State still based mainly on capitalist profit-making, and holding this faith in equality as applying, not to one country, but to all—that is, as an international gospel of humanism. I do not delude myself that such a gospel is ever likely to be popular, to the extent of commanding the allegiance of a majority, except in a society that is already Socialist. I therefore dismiss the possibility of arriving at Socialism—in the sense here given to the word—by convincing a majority of any popular electorate to support it. It is no doubt possible—though I think pretty difficult—that a majority may be persuaded to vote for a policy of *national* Socialism—that is, for social equality within a single country; but I can see no possibility of a majority vote in any advanced country in favour of an equal sharing of resources among all the peoples of the earth. A majority might be induced to vote for a policy from which that majority would derive a clear benefit for itself; but it is simply not on the cards that in any of the more advanced countries a majority should favour equality of treatment for all mankind, with no preference for its own national group. Men are not like that, not so much because they are consciously selfish as because they are mostly not imaginative enough to think altruistically on so grand a scale.

I assume, then, that Socialists, in the sense I have given to the word, are bound to remain a small minority in every country. What ought these small minorities to do? Ought they to rest content with helping the "national Socialists" to win majorities, in the hope that a sequence of national victories for "Socialism" will somehow add up to, or promote the cause of, international Socialism, or is there a duty resting on them to do something positive to assert their internationalist faith?

Broadly speaking, the Socialist movements in the various countries were built up largely by idealists who did believe in the brotherhood of men and hoped to advance towards it by promoting a more limited social justice within their own societies, while collaborating to the best of their power with similar movements elsewhere. In order to win support, they had to appeal to much larger numbers to whom the brotherhood of men meant nothing and who were mainly moved by the prospect of advantage to themselves and to others who were near enough and similarly enough placed to themselves to arouse their imaginative sympathy—which meant, in practice, that they had to identify their cause with that of the national working-class movements of their own countries. Such an attitude made sense as long as there seemed to be a real hope that it would lead to the victory in each country of "national Socialism"—that is, of publicly planned production of wealth with a view to its distribution as equally as possible among the whole people. If, however, as I have argued in my first article, success in the earlier stages of this campaign, instead of leading on to Socialism, tends in fact rather to put obstacles in the way of achieving it, then the case is completely altered.

For a series of Welfare States, each trying to distribute as high incomes as it can for the benefit of its own citizens, but each compelled to do this only within the limits set by the continuance of a profit-making economy, is clearly calculated, not to promote a fairer sharing-out of the world's resources, but rather to aggravate national selfishness as the politicians vie one with another in promising benefits to the peoples. For example, who supposes that a British Labour Government would venture to give for the proposed "world war upon want" help that would seriously diminish its power to improve living standards in Great Britain, or that, in any country, a Government depending on popular support could successfully call on the electorate to reduce its own standards in order to raise those of the poorer peoples?

Mass parties cannot do such things. Socialism of a more than national essence is not a practicable basis for such parties. All that the small groups of international idealists can hope to do is to influence them to behave rather less nationalistically than they would otherwise do. The practical question is whether this influence can best be exercised by working entirely within each national party or by attempting also to establish links across national frontiers, so as to make possible a concerted crusade by the internationalists in all countries. I believe that we have reached a point at which there is no prospect of rescuing Socialism from its imprisonment within national frontiers—which in fact stultify it even on the national plane—except by re-creating an international Socialist movement, not as a federation of national parties, but rather as a crusade of a devoted minority in every country. Such a crusade would, no doubt, need to be carried on by organised groups within each country; but these groups would have to put themselves in a position to act together in pursuance of a common programme. This they could not do unless their members were pledged to stand together without being bound by a final loyalty to their national Socialist Parties—which they would have to defy whenever these parties' national policies ran counter to the practical requirements of international Socialism.

I am suggesting, then, the establishment of a World Order of Socialists individually pledged to put first their duty to Socialism as a world-wide cause, and offering to the working-class and Socialist movements of their own countries no more than a secondary loyalty. This involves a concerted refusal to accept any kind of party discipline that requires the individual to accept the majority verdict of his fellow-nationals against that of the proposed Order. It might accordingly involve expulsion from a national party which insisted on obedience to majority rule; and those who pledged themselves to the World Order would run the risk of finding themselves in the political wilderness in their own countries. To many, this will probably seem a fatal objection; but I can see no alternative except that of renouncing the quintessence of the Socialist faith. Nor need the expulsions occur: that would depend on the good sense of the Socialist parties and on the strength of the sense among their members of having reached a dead end from which they need to be retrieved by some force which they are unable themselves to provide.

Inevitably, in the present state of the world, the Order of Socialists would take its stand for the cause of international peace. It is an intolerable situation that the profession of pacificism should have come to be so suspect, because of its Communist associations, as to alienate the support of great masses of ordinary, decent people who stand aghast at the thought of war. The World Order I have in mind would stand not merely for co-existence but for the fullest possible resumption of friendly international intercourse across both national and "cold war" frontiers, and against every policy that divides the peoples of the world into two great opposing camps. It could not be Communist, or even communistic, because it is of the essence of Communism to reject the idealistic outlook on which it would be bound to rest. But it could not be anti-Communist either, in any sense that involves taking sides with capitalism, or with capitalist powers, against the countries that are under Communist rule. If Communists wished to join it, on its own terms, they would be as welcome as anybody else. It would be a crusade and not a political party.

## What do you believe?

*If you were under 26 on January 1 you should enter for the NEW STATESMAN Prize Essay Competition on FAITH AND REASON. It is open to young men and women of all countries and beliefs. Within the broad framework of the subject think out and state your personal convictions about religion. Whatever its conclusions, the best essay will receive a prize of £200, and the next three £50 each; in event of publication in book form other essays selected for inclusion will earn £20 each. Religion, philosophy and science are all represented on the panel of judges, where the Editor of this journal is joined by Prof. H. A. Hodges, Stuart Hampshire and Dr. J. Bronowski.*

*Five weeks remain before the closing date. Entries, whose length must not exceed 3,000 words, should be sent in typescript bearing a pseudonym, with the writer's real name enclosed in a sealed envelope. They should reach the Editor of the NEW STATESMAN by February 28 next at this address*

GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

From this it follows that the World Order would have no ambition to form Governments, or to carry its programme into effect by assuming power in any shape. Its purpose would be to influence, not to execute. It would seek to influence mass-opinion by speech and writing and, most of all, by personal contacts in every country; and it would also need to influence leaders to bring their policies into harmony with its ideas, as far as they could do so within the limits of their own national requirements. It would be in one sense like a Fabian Society for the whole world, in that its method would be essentially that of permeation. But it would be unlike the Fabian Society in that its aim would be, not to persuade the peoples of the world to go slow, but to make them understand that merely national Socialism involves not so much going slow as ceasing to move at all; that there can be no escape from the existing impasse, save through swift and decisive action. Such action must transcend national limits and be designed to end the isolation of the contending power blocs by creating a consciousness of world unity in Socialism as the compelling need of our times.

Frankly, I do not know how to set about the creation of this World Order. There seem to be two possibilities. One is to begin by founding a group of like-minded individuals within a single country and then to appeal to Socialists in other countries to join hands in a common movement. The other is to begin by appealing to individuals one knows of in a number of countries, and to establish at the outset a small international group whose members would then attempt to draw up an agreed policy in very broad terms and, with this as a basis, would seek to promote national groups in their own countries. In such a programme, peace and international friendship, and therewith international "war on want," and a wide toleration of varying democratic "ways of life," would obviously have to take the leading place.

For the rest, the crusaders themselves would need to define it, keeping it broad and simple and rejecting every attempt to impose a rigid dogmatism, either of ideology or of positive prescription of method. The first course is obviously the easier—though even it is difficult enough: the second would be greatly preferable, if it were practicable to bring the pioneers together to work out the basic programme. In either course of action I am too old to play more than a very minor part. Such tasks are mainly for the young, who can think more freely and act more boldly than disillusioned seniors. Even for the jaded, what joy it would be to have their faith in Socialism reinvigorated by an international band of crusaders who would get Socialist thought and action out of the ruts in which they have become bogged! There used to be a vision, which put heart into our earlier struggles, of a world made alive by the sense of human fellowship—a world in which fellowship would be the first great lesson taught at school and the first principle of men's daily intercourse. If that vision has been irrevocably lost, Socialism is lost with it; for Socialism, in its essence, is a thing of the spirit, and not a mere machinery of social control. But I cannot believe men so changed in spirit that they cannot be stirred afresh by the Socialist gospel if only a few of them can get together across national frontiers to redefine it in modern terms and to offer it the devotion of their lives.

G. D. H. COLE

# London Diary

I AM told that the damages paid to Mr. Andrew Roth in his libel action against Mr. Geoffrey Hudson and Odhams Press amounted to £5,000. The case was of more than personal importance. It arose out of what can only be described as McCarthyism imported into this country. Mr. Roth, a well-known journalist with special experience of South-East Asia affairs, was smeared in the famous *Amerasia* case in 1945, but the charges against him, fully examined by the Tydings Committee and two other official investigations, all proved to be unfounded. A "McCarthy" pamphlet by Mr. Woltman, who is the regular anti-Communist smearer on the Scripps-Howards press, dealt with these charges but kept within the legal limits of libel—at any rate of American libel. But Mr. Hudson's *Questions of East and West* went far beyond Mr. Woltman's innuendos: it simply assumed that the various allegations against Mr. Roth, including that of espionage, had been established as true. Mr. Justice Devlin, at an earlier hearing, commented on the fact that Mr. Hudson did not himself appear in the case, nor apparently attempt to produce any evidence for his statements. This was certainly surprising in view of the fact that Mr. Hudson is a responsible writer with academic standards. He is a Fellow of All Souls, one of the accepted pundits of Chatham House, and expert adviser on the Far East to the *Economist*.

* * *

I think the case of Mrs. Jean Butler, the American archaeologist against whom the Home Secretary has issued a deportation order on grounds which he has repeatedly refused to specify, may at least serve to clarify the law in the minds of many people at similar risk; and this is a salutary process where the traditional liberties are at stake. Mrs. Butler left for Denmark before the order could be executed, not, I gather, because she particularly wanted to go to Denmark, but because that seemed to her the most likely country to behave liberally towards her. It has been said that if Mr. Clive Jenkins, the British trade union official who wants to marry her when her divorce is complete, followed her to Denmark and there made her a British citizen by marrying her, she could come back to her interrupted work at the Horniman Museum as of right. But Article 20(5) of the Aliens Order, 1953, says that "a deportation order made in the case of any person shall continue in force notwithstanding that that person subsequently ceases to be an alien"; and, in fact, for all the purposes of the Aliens Order itself—permission to land, registration, notifying changes of address, and so on—that person is "*deemed* to continue as an alien" whether he is or not. This sweeping provision was not new in 1953 (or even in the Aliens Order of 1920), and yet it is surprisingly little known. A deported person can never in fact come back unless the Home Secretary cancels the deportation order.

* * *

Any story of caning, whipping, smacking or the like makes headlines in the daily press. If the punishment is inflicted on or by a female, it makes particularly saucy news. (Fleet Street does not pretend—at least to itself—that the public interest in the subject is not at least in part sexual.) There have been a number of recent cases where parents have prosecuted teachers. Most of the cases have been trivial and the magistrates have supported the teachers. This puzzles people from Continental countries, which have long abandoned the Public school myth that the cane is an essential means of education and character-building. The myth is a nuisance, because it prevents any common-sense approach to the subject. There is, in fact, conclusive evidence that a considerable number of men and women are prevented from becoming mature adults by being whipped or witnessing whipping scenes in childhood. But I doubt if these psychological effects are often likely to arise from the sort of nonsense that now goes on in our crowded day schools. The overcrowding is the point. What possible reply is there to a luckless young man or woman teacher who does not happen to have sufficient personality to dominate and hold the attention of a class of perhaps forty or fifty ten-year-old boys? If he clouts them (legally forbidden but, I am told, frequently practised) or silences them with a cane, that merely proves that the job is too much for him, and the effect on most of the boys is, presumably, to teach them, in a rather undesirable way, what they will learn soon enough in the playground—that if they make too much nuisance of themselves to people bigger and stronger than they are they are likely to get hurt. That is all the morality there is to it.

* * *

Post Offices have now become, one might say, universal agencies for dealings between the Government and its citizens: they handle not merely a huge volume of Savings Bank business, but payments for licences, family allowances, pensions and various sorts of National Insurance benefits. The result, particularly in small branch offices, is that queues at the counter frequently become formidable, and the purchase of a humble 2½*d.* stamp can entail an infuriating wait. Some postal procedure could surely be simplified. (Is it really essential, for instance, to have consignment notes for unregistered parcels going abroad completed, with great detail, *in quadruplicate*?) But what about "hiving off" more of the business in stamps for letters and postcards? It would be a great convenience if they could be bought in tobacconists and newsagents, as they can be on the Continent. Why not?

* * *

I was very sorry to hear last week, after this Diary had gone to press, that my friend Wilson Harris had died suddenly. He became editor of the *Spectator* in the year following the amalgamation of *The New Statesman* and *The Nation* and the appointment of its present editor. There was a ridiculous notion abroad, because the two journals sold together on bookstalls, differed politically and sometimes criticised each other, that there must be personal antagonism between them. In fact, throughout the twenty years of Wilson Harris's editorship, we collaborated in many matters of business and, except in opinion, differed not at all. He was delighted when the cold spell of 1947 gave him his chance as a broadcaster in the successful wireless debates between the editors of five weekly papers. For one season after that we were together as permanent members of the B.B.C. Brains Trust, and because he was an independent Conservative and I independent Labour (in those days independent spokesmen had more chance, and orthodox party men less, than they have today) we were often chosen as foils for each other in one kind of controversy and another. But the important thing about Wilson Harris was that, though he was often rather prosy and usually orthodox, he had about him a Puritan independence that cropped up unexpectedly. It was partly this, plus his dry wit, that made him so successful an M.P. He loved representing Cambridge University in the House, and became far more anti-Labour after the abolition of the University seats. A second disappointment awaited him. He was deprived of his editorial chair at sixty-nine, and the manner of his going left him with a vigorous grievance. He continued his "Janus" column in *Time and Tide* and, the *Spectator* informs us, had again promised to write for that paper under its new ownership. He had become more reconciled to his unwanted freedom in the last year of his life, and looked forward to a busy and happy retirement.

* * *

Once upon a time, the eight o'clock news bulletin to which I have just listened would have seemed a record of disaster. Widespread chaos, destruction of property, and even loss of life, due to even more than usually extraordinary weather conditions in this country and Europe; the campaign in Kenya; fighting off the cost of China, and so forth. In fact, however, it was the most encouraging and happy news bulletin I have heard for years. For Mr. Dulles graciously admitted that it was not of desperate importance to the United States that Peking should retake a Chinese island; fighting in Kenya is at last accompanied by a common-sense amnesty offer; and wherever the snow and frost are producing really dangerous conditions, the means of salvation by sea and air given us by science are being used to save life and relieve misery. Helicopters bring the most encouraging news for years.

CRITIC

## SAFETY IN NUMBERS

*"The earnest appeal for bigger families in the U.S.S.R. is not unexpected . . . the Kremlin must be acutely conscious of China's six hundred millions."*
—OBSERVER.

The anxious Nato Powers look East
And count the Soviet numbers—
As Russia's birthrate is increased,
How troubled are their slumbers,
Although the Kremlin, looking West,
Is robbed of not one moment's rest.
Why then announce new population goals?
Why must great Russia's populace
Proceed to multiply apace?
Her wide domains today embrace
Two hundred million souls.

Two hundred million, and behind,
Six hundred million more—
Chinese and Soviet swarms combined
Past computation soar.
Then why by Communist command
Must larger families be planned,
Till even boundless Russia overflows?
It is observed by Western eyes,
United Communist allies
For total war could mobilise
Eight hundred million souls.

Though myriads in the Soviet flock
Are Uzbeks and Bashkirians,
And mingling with pure Slavic stock,
Ukrainians and Zyrians,
Armenian, Georgian and Kazakh,
All solid at the Kremlin's back,
Compose a quite innumerable throng.
But what though Malenkov and Mao
Eternal Marxist friendship vow?
The Soviet host is barely now
Two hundred million strong.

With but four million fighting men,
The Soviet population
Must soon grow twice as large again—
For, faced with China's nation,
The anxious Kremlin, looking East,
Sees Peking's manpower increased,
And closely studies demographic trends.
No Western enemy they fear,
And Sino-Russian love's sincere—
*But is it safe to have so near*
*Six hundred million friends?*

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.**

**Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

. . . with great regularity millions of British subjects throughout the world stand and sincerely sing "God save the Queen." It is surely in bad taste that the B.B.C. should allow Mrs. Knight to attack publicly this same God we ask to save our Queen.—*Daily Telegraph.* (N. M. Newhouse.)

Said Mr. Gresham Cooke last night . . .: "I am in favour, not of price fixing, but of price maintenance. Price fixing is where people get together and decide not to sell their products below a certain price. Price maintenance is different, in that manufacturers decide that a particular vehicle has a national price below which it must not be sold.—*News Chronicle.* (R. Barton.)

Can any reader suggest how to celebrate a dog's first birthday? You can give a man a box of cigars, a woman a dress, a child a box of toys. But how can you make a dog feel that he is having a special day?—*Sunday Dispatch.* (E. M. Rutherford.)

Footman wanted; staff 11; family one gentleman; recreation room, table tennis, wireless, piano.—Advt. in *Farnham Herald.* (E. A. Hadley.)

# Nasser's Plan for Peace

WHAT will Egypt's policy be now that our occupation of the Canal Zone is being rapidly wound up? Will the Revolutionary Council be forced into foreign military adventures? Or will they, now that the national grievance has been removed, settle down to tackling ghastly social problems? These were questions to which I sought the answer when I drove down to Heliopolis once again, last week, to talk with Colonel Nasser. Despite the fact that, since Neguib's removal, he has become virtual dictator, he still lives in officers' married quarters next door to the barracks, and he entertained me in the same stiff little parlour which leads into a humble kitchen-dining room. The only difference I noticed from twelve months ago was that the set of gilt Regency chairs are now covered with incongruous chintz, and there are a few more guards outside the garden wall. In order to avoid the corruption of comfort, Nasser has laid it down as a principle that his living quarters and his whole way of life should remain exactly as before the *coup d'état*; and the same austerity is enforced on the other members of the Revolutionary Council.

But though his environment is unchanged, and he is physically as fit and youthful as ever, Nasser's personality has developed: he is now no longer the shy, army officer conspirator I first knew, but a self-confident, buoyant, political leader. I began by congratulating him on the success of the Canal negotiations, but he brushed the subject aside, remarking that detailed arrangements for the transfer were in the hands of British and Egyptian specialists down in the Zone; he hardly had to concern himself with them. "But what about the supply of British arms?" I asked. I had heard a great deal about this in Cairo from both sides, and gained the impression we might be in for serious trouble. But Nasser took it all very calmly. "Of course we expect you to deliver the arms we ordered before the embargo, and for which you have received part of the cash, but I want to tell you that the equipment of the Egyptian army is not my main concern. It is important for the morale of the country, and even more for the morale of the officers. You can't expect officers to be contented or efficient if they are denied modern weapons. But one tank costs £100,000, and we can't afford to buy too many. What we have done is to get our small arms factories going here in Egypt, and I think you will be impressed."

"But what about conscription?" I asked. "Two years ago, when we first met, you talked a great deal about its educational value in the battle against illiteracy."

"Yes, but I have to remember that each soldier costs £200, which could otherwise be spent tackling the social problem. That's why we don't intend to enlarge the call-up. We can't afford it." Nasser then launched into an hour-long account of the economic programme. He explained how the basic decision had to be taken whether to concentrate on production or welfare. They had been forced to give priority to production; and, since industrialisation gives only long-term results, the main drive now was for immediate increases in agricultural output. Already they had succeeded in dispensing with wheat imports, which cost valuable foreign currency, while maintaining the level of cotton production—which must be chiefly for export, since most Egyptians cannot afford to buy such fine quality. Part of this success is due to producing a second crop each year in Upper Egypt. Previously, whereas Lower Egypt had three harvests annually, Upper Egypt had only one. "It was easy enough to do, once someone decided to do it," he observed; and he went on to discuss the slow but solid results of the land reform, particularly the reduction of farm rents and the provision of better seed corn to the *fellah*.

Turning to industry, I asked whether productivity could not be increased by relaxing the law under which any worker, when dismissed, has the right to appeal in the courts. "I can't leave the workers at the mercy of the capitalists," he replied; "our trade unions are not yet strong enough to protect them in the free labour market. What I have done is to retain their legal protection but to forbid strikes absolutely. We are also improving their conditions by an enormous expansion of primary schools and, in the countryside, building community centres, consisting of cottage hospital, village school and agricultural training centre for adults. All this is paid for out of £70m. we got from seizing Farouk's property, and from the special Schools Loan."

I then asked him to tell me something of the political framework within which this social revolution was taking place. I knew that for the past week the Revolutionary Council had been in almost continuous session, sometimes throughout the night, trying to decide how to implement their solemn promise to replace the emergency dictatorship by a permanent constitution at the end of three years. "This is a middle-class revolution," he said, "against capitalism and against Communism. For two thousand years Egypt has been ruled by an alliance of capitalists and landlords. Under parliamentary democracy, parties acted merely as their agents, with the politicians taking their rake-off. Of our twenty-two million Egyptians, about two million are free, and twenty million live in fear and poverty. We have got to liberate twenty million from fear and raise their standard of living, despite the gigantic rate of population increase. Politics for me mean only one thing—solving the social problem. Somehow we have got to create a political party which people join, not for what they get out of it, but for what they put in. That's a completely new idea here, and that's why I have to exclude all the old politicians and prevent the capitalists and landlords from muscling in. The new party must be composed exclusively of middle-class people—doctors, lawyers, teachers—with a sense of public service.

I then asked him about the possibility of a return to parliamentary government, and he replied by asking me whether I thought the Revolutionary Council could risk it. Wouldn't it be inevitable that landlords and capitalists would once again take over in a country so politically inexperienced? Finally, what would be the reaction of the Western Powers if parliamentary government were not restored? Would they misunderstand? From the way in which he asked me these questions, I got the firm impression he had made up his mind not to go back, and was only seeking reassurance. The fact is that the ancient regime has been pushed out of politics and the old parties smashed beyond repair. Even the Moslem Brotherhood, according to Nasser, has been pulverised, now that its large arms caches, stolen from the Canal Zone, have been seized, and its para-military organisation, which included a secret command for each section of Cairo, broken up. But Nasser added that, though the organisation has been broken, reactionary poison survives and can only be got rid of by a positive interpretation of Islam in line with the progressive ideas which Egypt hopes to encourage throughout the Moslem world. All this would be jeopardised by a premature return to the parliamentary system.

This brought us to foreign policy, and I asked what he thought of the proposed Iraq-Turkey treaty of alliance. Extremely careful not to attack it directly, he agreed the news was quite unexpected and remarked that the mistake of Washington was to be too much concerned with the external and too little with the internal danger of Communism. The danger in the Middle East, in his view, was not aggression by the Red Army, but the growing Communist movements which popularise themselves by attacking the subjection of the Arab world to Western strategy and domination. Therefore formal military alliances with the West do not provide security. They merely ferment popular suspicion, as does military assistance with political strings attached, favoured by the Americans. Anglo-Egyptian accord is on the right lines, precisely because it is not a military alliance, but is based on practical co-operation. He would like to see Britain treat Iraq and Jordan similarly—guaranteeing the whole Middle East against aggression, but leaving it free to build up its own military strength in its own time as its production and prosperity increases.

"But what about Israel?" I asked. "What chance of peace there?" He firmly replied that he was not prepared to enter into any kind of negotiation at present. He has small respect for the hysterical attitude of some Arab governments, especially the Syrian; but it is quite clear that as a matter of deliberate policy he is excluding this topic from the agenda for 1955. Even the problem of the Arab refugees, in his view, must be left for the present untackled. In answer to the specific question as to whether a state of undeclared war was not dangerous, he replied that in his view Israel does not constitute a military menace to Egypt today. He added, "The Israeli will destroy themselves if they go on spending 60 per cent. of their Budget on armaments. We are not going to make that mistake here."

Driving back to Cairo that night, I could not help thinking that not only Egypt, but the whole Middle East, must pray that Nasser survives the assassin's bullet. I am certain that he is a man who means what he says; and that, so long as he is in power directing his middle-class revolution, Egypt will remain a factor for peace and social development.

*Cairo, January.* R. H. S. CROSSMAN

# Thoughts in the Wilderness

## END OF A PARTY

IT happened the night before we flew back from New York, at the long tail end of a party, high above the East River. They were nice people, clever people, good liberals all, but suddenly my interest in the talk melted faster than the ice in my glass. The talk, as it usually is among the survivors of a New York party, was political. I could have made a contribution to it—for had I not talked with Mr. Adlai Stevenson a few nights before?—but felt no inclination even to show off. The people themselves were not boring, but their talk was. The topics were threadbare, the treatment of them routine. We were all parrots in a cage, wondering where the tropics had got to. There was no fire, no heart, in the talk. Round and round it went—what Ike might venture to do—what Senator This might say to Senator That—and people droned on, chiefly because they hated to break up the party and face the sleety night.

I told myself—and at the end of a party I really do tell myself things—that the political situation there in America was for once almost exactly like ours in Britain. Like Labour and the Tories, the Democrats and Republicans were nearly evenly matched, with some difference between their respective extremists, but little or none between the solid centres. On the domestic front, at least, no great burning issues divided people. But because we have conditioned ourselves to read about politics, to talk about politics, we continued reading and talking when there was hardly anything worth reading and talking about. (I am still addressing myself, covered with tobacco ash and slumped down in an armchair sixteen storeys above 57th Street.) And if we had any sense, in London or New York, either we would stop reading and talking about politics, as people have often done in the past, or we would make an effort to wake out of our sleep-walking and try to see our situation in a new light. We need not spend our lives at the fag-end of a party.

Even in international affairs, though everybody concerned in them might still be running round in a rat race, there were, I thought, signs of this staleness. The night before we had attended a concert given in the great hall of the United Nations Building. It was to celebrate the sixth anniversary of the Declaration of Human Rights, but it was not these Rights (though I believe in them) that had taken me there, but the thought of listening in comfort to the Boston Symphony under Charles Munch. We had Harty's arrangement of Handel's *Water Music*, some delicious Richard Strauss songs by a large smiling Viennese soprano, and, to conclude, the best performance of Berlioz' Fantastic Symphony I ever heard or ever hope to hear on this earth. The playing was of a kind to make the hair stand on end: here was the whole Romantic Movement, at once idiotic and glorious, furiously alive to the last glitter of the loved one's tears, the final mutter of doom. What a noble creature Western Man is when he reveals himself as a hundred-headed instrumentalist! This is the unity that should be in the United Nations.

Alas—alas—between Strauss and Berlioz—there was an address on these Human Rights, written by one U.N. high functionary and delivered into the microphone (the whole occasion was being broadcast) by another. And I longed to seize that microphone and to speak some real words into it. What we heard were dead thoughts in dead language. So might bees and ants have talked, already fixed in the pattern that would not be broken for millions of years. On an ordinary occasion in that hall, such thought, such language, might have passed unnoticed, but against the moving tracery and delicate fire of the music, they were like two corpses on a dance floor. It was plain to be heard that all was make-believe, that no real men had any real rights, that probably at that very moment all manner of officials, throughout the world, were complacently ignoring all such rights and wrecking people's lives without a flicker of compunction.

I did not blame the two officers of the U.N., who had probably done their best in what was not their native language. They had lived and worked too long in a fatal atmosphere, in which harsh and intolerable things are covered with a blanket of woolly and almost meaningless language, in which *Human* does not mean human and *Rights* do not mean rights. Here everybody can agree that men have a right to health, education, well-paid regular work, excellent housing, and no doubt lovely obedient children and cabinet-size television sets, because it is all unreal, and nobody in genuine authority is prepared to guarantee that men should enjoy even their few essential rights, those rights against tyrannical government and its overbearing officials that our "Free World" has been kicking to bits for years. If a declaration of Human Rights has to be celebrated while I am around, then let us have not only the Boston Symphony—and I am all for that—but also, instead of a lot of dingy wool, a statement giving the names and addresses of all the people who, that night, have been allowed to live their own lives in their own way again, together with some apologies from the chief inquisitors. That would be something to celebrate. I will offer odds of ten-to-one, to be paid after death duties, that my own modest funeral rites will be celebrated first.

As the party talk went on and on—what Knowland was supposed to have said to Watkins and so forth—the same sweepings of the political smoke-room that we get here—I asked myself what we ought to be talking about, if only to escape boring ourselves to death. Had everything been settled then except for this dreary muddle of conflicting personalities? Like hell it had! Certainly, with so much rearmanent taking up the slack, on the whole we could say that employment, hours, wages, general conditions, were fairly good on both sides of the Atlantic, and that few economists were uttering their usual grave warnings. Money was being poured into the Christmas shops by the sackful. The faces of the workers, sharply illuminated by their television sets, were tranquil, if not downright blank. The powerful, the rich, were not screaming for the police. In the advertisements the automobiles now had "The $100 Million Look!" Mr. Gilbert Harding was withdrawing temporarily from *What's My Line?* and Alec Bedser's form in Australia was still doubtful, but otherwise, Britain stood firm. Nevertheless, there might be a few things worth discussing, especially after a few Scotches.

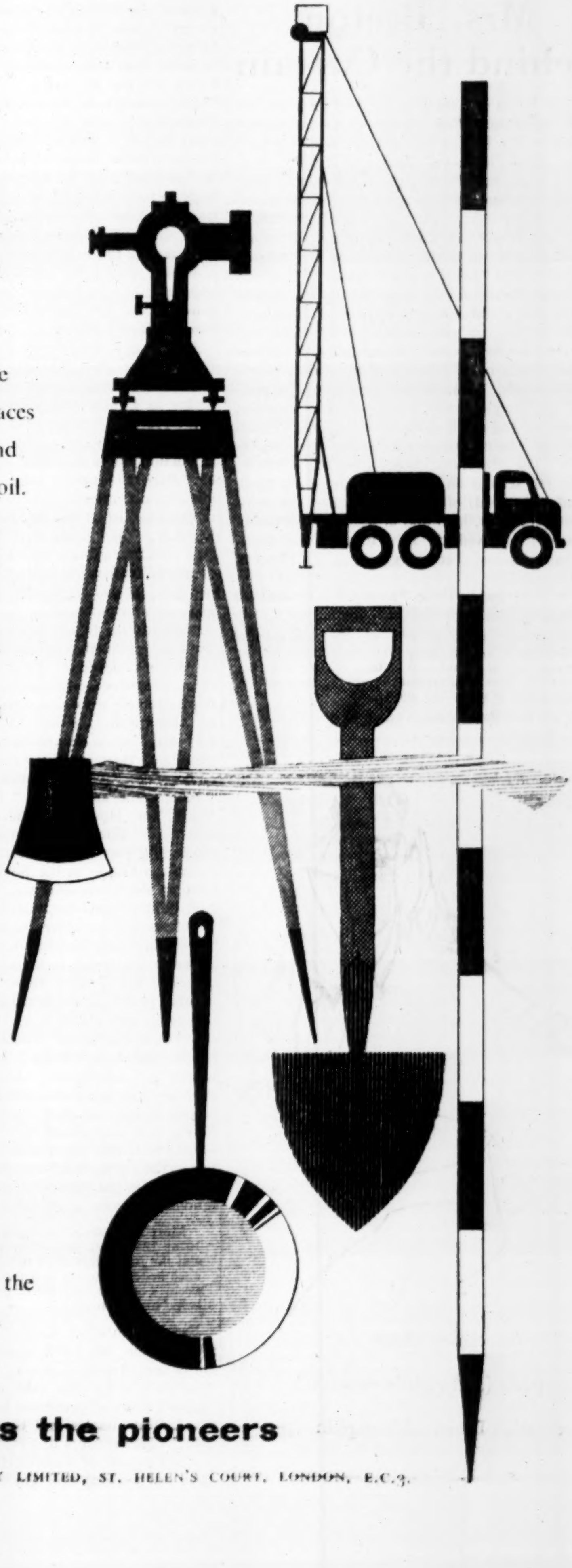
Indeed, it might be that, like an audience at a show of conjuring, we were the victims of a misdirection of our attention. While we still concentrated on the rapidly diminishing differences between Capital and Labour, the Conservative and the Progressive, staring at them much as our grandfathers did, perhaps our whole society was changing so quickly, all round us, that we were still talking about one world while already living in another, quite different. Outside the political speeches, leading articles and chatter, it was beginning to look like a society of Bossmen and Massmen, with neither of them caring a rap about anything we late-night talkers might say or do. Well, they could probably do without us. Yet we could fairly say that the look-out for a society seemed rather dubious, for the Bossmen are too busy settling their immediate problems of power to think far ahead, and Massmen hope not to have to think at all. Moreover, as several psychologists have been pointing out lately, men in a mass, as distinct from a genuine integrating group, are very dangerously situated, feeling the loss of many primary satisfactions and a growing sense of frustration. There may soon come a time when there are not enough new playthings to divert all these frustrated people. Then the lid might blow off.

I reminded myself that the economic phase of politics had a beginning not so very long ago, and that now we may be within sight of the end of it. Already it is the turn of the psychologist or social philosopher to utter the grave warnings. Soon it may be his turn to shape the policy of a new kind of party—that is, if everybody capable of joining it is not crushed out of existence between the Bossmen, of all colours, and the Massmen—a party that asks where we are going, and why, and is against sleep-walking and the routine acceptance of more-and-more-of-what-we-already-dislike. The quarrel then might not be about the ownership and control of the factory but about its very existence. This party would ask questions much earlier than present political parties do. It would examine and check what are now so many blind trends, acting on behalf of men's dignity, happiness, and possibilities of development. Life-haters would be denounced for bullying and bouncing us into accepting what we know in our hearts we do not want. But then, when I say "us" I mean a dwindling minority, neither Massmen, who do not know what they want until they are told, nor Bossmen, who enjoy the bullying and bouncing.

Moreover, this minority stands on a shrinking platform. Twenty years ago, if I had had an article that expressed as frankly what I felt then as this expresses what I feel now, I could have offered it to one of a dozen papers, many of them with very large circulations, any one of which would have gladly printed it. And now? I do not pause to reply but to take a firmer grasp on these columns. There is just room to breathe in the space between Bossmen and Massmen. However, we are still at liberty and no microphones have been installed yet in our sitting rooms, so let us talk while we can—not about the largely artificial world in which Bossmen tinted blue or pink are imagined to be at one another's throats and Massmen, hating the least effort, are supposed to be alert and vigorous guardians of freedom; but about the world that never gets into the papers, being so busy publishing them and swallowing them.

"Er—" I began, after telling myself all these things. But then somebody remembered a very good crack about Ike, just as the same sort of people here remember stories about Winston or Nye. Give us a little more time, and we will have Iked, Winstoned and Nyed ourselves into some sort of air-conditioned ant-hill.

J. B. PRIESTLEY



# Pioneering for Oil

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# Mrs. Beeton Behind the Curtain

It may be an odd thing to say, but probably the most significant book published in the Soviet Union in the last couple of years is its Cookery Book, called *The Book of Tasty and Healthy Food*. It is a large, sumptuously produced volume, with dozens of colour plates to make your mouth water, or, as the Russians put it more coarsely, "to make your spit flow." It would, of course, be of no significance at all if this were a *de luxe* edition limited to that "small upper plutocracy" of which one hears from time to time; but by the middle of this year a million copies had already been sold. With its curious combination of political and scientific solemnity and "human interest," it was to me much more fascinating than most recent Soviet novels. It starts with something of a political introduction, which takes up twelve pages, or, rather, the small space in the middle of each page, the rest constituting a "frame" four inches wide. The first frame shows a boundless wheatfield; the second an orgy (one can hardly think of another word) of loaves and cakes; the third an orgy of meat, ham and at least 57 varieties of sausages; followed by fish, tinned fruit, hens, ducks and geese, cheeses, eggs, fruit, cauliflowers, and so on.

The text inside these "frames" of boundless opulence constitutes the introduction:

> Food [it says] is one of the fundamental problems of human culture. A correct diet is most important to health; it affects man's working capacity, largely determines how long he shall live and tends to delay old age.

It stresses the decisions taken by the 19th Congress of the C.P.S.U. to concentrate on light industry; recalls Malenkov's speech a year later in favour of extending the food industry, and particularly the fish-canneries; and after quoting Lenin on the liberation of women from their "slave status," it deals with one of the most characteristic developments in Russia in recent years, which is, indeed, reflected throughout this Cookery Book: namely, the rapid transition from an "artisan level" in the food "industries" to a high industrial level. It talks of the enormous number of food-processing and tinning factories, with their laboratories, their scientific research and control, their rigid rules of hygiene ("before a worker enters the premises he must have a shower and put on special overalls"), and, more generally, of the "technical revolution" in the Russian food industry.

All this is, indeed, highly relevant to the Cookery Book proper. Not that the Soviet citizen is expected to eat nothing but tinned food—far from it; but as a time-saving factor, tinned, processed and "prepared" foods hold a large place in the menus and the recipes. After the "political" introduction, there is a long scientific introduction on "Rational Diet." This deals in detail with vitamins and calories, quoting, in the process, the tables established by the Food Institute of the U.S.S.R., which show that the adult population falls into four groups requiring, according to the nature of their work, from 3,000 to 5,000 calories per day. It also relates diet to weather and temperature, recommending, for example, a larger consumption of fats in very cold weather, and the addition of vitamin tablets to the ordinary diet in certain conditions. In general, it disapproves of an excessive consumption of meat. A point it particularly stresses is that food should always be "beautifully served," "look appetising" and be "tasty," since only by having his gastric juices stimulated does the eater derive the full benefit of his food. Pavlov is quoted here.

Next come articles on "The Organisation of Meals," on "How to Lay the Table" and on "The Kitchen." These three form perhaps the most fascinating part of the book: they constitute, as it were, a Guide to the Soviet Way of Life—at least in the material sense. If this way of life isn't quite general yet, not even in the towns (a lot of houses, for instance, are still unsuited for housing anything like the Ideal Kitchen), it *should* be in a few years from now; and the million copies of the Cookery Book suggest that a large number of people are already leading, or are soon hoping to lead, the Way of Life. The article on the "Organisation of Meals"—four a day are recommended, a "filling" breakfast, a "light" lunch, a "substantial" dinner and a "light" supper—is greatly concerned with time-saving and labour-saving; it also wants the housewife's drudgery to be reduced to a minimum; thus, she is advised to buy "prepared" steaks "ready to be put in the frying-pan," and fillets of fish "requiring no messy gutting and cleaning." Almost revolutionary is some of the advice given:

> Most housewives are familiar with cooking only 10 or 12 dishes; yet variety is absolutely essential; and the same dish must not recur more often than once in ten days, or, at least, not more than once a week. The vast selection of processed foods greatly helps to vary menus.

Farewell, in other words, to the daily cabbage soup. This, the book specifically says, should not be served more than once a week. The article recommends, for the sake of variety, frequent "combinations of processed food like factory-prepared meat rissoles and tinned food like sweet corn." This reduces to a minimum the most unpleasant aspects of housework, like peeling vegetables and washing-up. On washing-up the book is very emphatic, as it is, indeed, on everything concerning hygiene and cleanliness:

> Thus, it is absolutely intolerable that plates should be left unwashed overnight.

And the book strongly recommends, wherever possible, that a refrigerator be installed—the frig having, indeed, become, in the last few years, the most popular and most coveted possession of the Soviet housewife.

I have neither the space nor the expert knowledge to deal in detail with all the other pieces of practical advice contained in the book—on the various kitchen gadgets and contraptions, on the thing called "Miracle"—a saucepan-cum-oven affair; on the correct assortment of kitchen utensils, cutlery, crockery, glasses and decanters. And how about these rules of table etiquette?

> In taking a plate to your guest, you approach him from the right, but if you want him to help himself from the dish, the dish must be presented to him from the left.

Also you should not "eat off your knife"—you might cut your lips and tongue—it's "an old but very sensible rule." And, finally, children

> must not eat noisily or splutter; . . . they must not pick their teeth with a fork; teeth may only be picked with a toothpick—but even that not at table.

Now that I have reached the Cookery Book proper, I have not room to say much about it. It is a collective work by scientists, dieticians, doctors, housewives and culinary experts: to report it adequately would mean enumerating at least 40 different salads, dozens of soups, hundreds of meat and fish dishes, cakes, vegetables, pastries, fruit dishes, cheeses, breakfast cereals, etc., etc. A large number of these recipes combine natural ingredients with processed and tinned foods. Among the marginal notes, containing much instructive and often amusing information, there are also selections from old-time cookery books, and such bits of civic advice as:

> Some people like to eat garlic; but they must remember that it leaves a strong smell which the people around them may find disagreeable.

Or this piece of "humanitarianism"—or is it merely hygiene?—

> If you buy a live fish, ask the assistant to kill it; if you keep a live fish in stagnant water at home, it gets ill.

It is hard to resist the temptation of quoting, in conclusion, this piece from the chapter on drink:

> In the matter of drink, it is equally important to get away from coarse and primitive tastes, and to abandon vodka in favour of wine, with its rich bouquet of subtle shades and aromas. Scientists and medical experts agree that wine is useful and has, unlike vodka, both a nutritive and curative value. . . .

The chapter then quotes a speech by Mikoyan in 1936, when he said that, while it was not true that Russia was a country of heavy drinking, many Russians used to drink a lot of vodka in Tsarist days; but they drank "to drown their sorrows." Wine, he said, was a more cultured drink, and more becoming to Soviet conditions. This wine-*versus*-vodka propaganda has gone on for quite a number of years; but though the price of wine has been repeatedly cut, while vodka has remained expensive, it is the greatly increased vodka drinking that has been the object of a violent anti-alcoholic campaign in the Soviet Union during the past year. Needless to say, it is not suggested that people drink vodka today to "drown their sorrows"; the truth is that they drink more because they have more money. It is something of a vicious circle, and must be one of Malenkov's worst headaches. All of which suggests that if Russians readily accept and even welcome a "revolution" in cooking, they remain remarkably traditionalist in their drinking habits.

ALEXANDER WERTH

The discerning diner
expects (and rightly deserves)
an Irish Linen table-napkin

# The Sweepstakes

When I arrived in Rome, I presented myself at the Foreign Press Assocation and was accepted as a member. This comprised use of desk, telephone, newsroom, bar and two ferocious typewriters chained to the table. After a few weeks of ringing up girls, writing begging letters to London Editors and reading the social column in the Rome *Daily American*, I got low blood pressure and moved down to the bar.

The bar was about the size of Liverpool Street station and seemed to have been bombed. Not a glimmer of light arrived through the huge modernistic windows, and once a week gangs of light-hearted youths in paper hats set up ladders and crawled under one's feet with paint brushes. Behind the bar itself presided the most ancient barman in Europe, who, one felt, had mixed drinks during the last days of Pompeii and had never quite got over the experience. He spoke three languages—Italian, Bronx and German. The first time I saw him, I ordered a brandy and he called me Commendatore. I slid down to Campari and I became Professore. Finally I landed on the rather vicious Foreign Press wine, and was greeted as Dottore.

After a time I began to feel I could stand at this bar for ever. Upstairs, through a circular aperture, one could see the foreign correspondents whizzing about chasing stories, flinging themselves at telephones and telling London about Christian Democrats, land reform, landslides and sex. "Landslides are a safe bet," said the correspondent of the *Daily Sun* to me. "But sex hardly ever gets through the other end. And there's such a lot of it," he concluded bitterly. Rome, like a smart exquisite village, was really off the map, and the correspondents resented it. When they joined me at the bar in the evening, they divided themselves into secret news-story societies. There were only four stories, and everybody knew them. There were the five hundred dogs of Capri who were being deported, a statue which had been unearthed at Tivoli, a woman who had disguised herself as a priest and a political scandal in Calabria.

The aged barman dipped freely into all four story-groups, suiting himself to language and subject and inevitably drawing the subject round to the cocktails he had once mixed for King George the Fifth. It was a long story and temporarily united the groups together in self-defence. All four stories were in a constant state of flux and one could do anything one liked about them. The dogs moved backwards and forwards in ships, the statue was false, stolen or produced miracles, the priest was a Russian spy, and the scandal had started with Cornelius Agrippa. Then the lull would set in, and the correspondents would simply stand around the bar waiting for something to happen.

Shortly after I had arrived, such a lull had occurred. It lasted for about a week. Then suddenly, entering the bar late one night, I felt the atmosphere had suddenly become electric. Correspondents were queueing for the telephone, and upstairs the newsrooms were buzzing like a hive of bees. Everybody's face had become rigid with importance, and not a dog was mentioned. "The Pope's ill again," said the correspondent of the *London Globe*; "Rome is back. They try their hardest, but they can't keep it down." Each correspondent had a firm expression of personal success, they were exercising colourful sentences in their minds like long-pent horses, and the least expected person would turn out to be a Vatican expert or possess a wealth of information about Cardinals.

When I came back the next morning, they were still there, white and drawn, and not one of them had gone to bed. The Pope's health was failing rapidly, and many of the experts wore omniscient ante-room faces, infuriating to everyone without backdoor contacts. A diagram of the Pope's stomach appeared on the front page of a Roman daily, and key newspapermen flew in from London, Paris and New York. Everyone waited. Nobody ate or slept. Telephones rang.

On the third evening, nerves were worn out and they produced the Sweepstakes. Journalists live on the crest of war, death, pestilence and catastrophe, the heart of things is burnt out, there is only a routine patter linking horrors and totems. The grim Sweepstakes curtained the unknown with newsprint. They were sweepstakes of death, called the Final Edition. Malenkov, Togliatti, Churchill, Attlee, Eisenhower, Franco, Mistinguett, a rota of elderly politicians, actors, philosophers, notorieties, industrialists and divines, in which was included (unknown to that gentleman) the President of the Foreign Press Association himself. Odds were called, bets were made, the world was turned upside down. It was All Fools' Night, and in the morning the myths would be spun again, the presses would run again for the world's safe breakfast. The face of the Pope, as I remembered it, like a wonderful autumn leaf, dwindled into the hour of the trivial carnival.

Two days passed and the crisis was over. The Pope was recovering and had walked in his garden. The bells rang bright, the experts dwindled away, the place-seekers sank back into anonymity, the sweepstakes were locked away in the drawer. I stood at the bar among the groups. "Don't mention this to anybody," said the correspondent of the *Daily Sun* to me; "but all the dogs of Capri have rabies."

Anthony Carson

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# The Synthetic Hero

No one is forgotten more quickly in American politics than an unsuccessful candidate for Vice-President, and few of those who succeed can be remembered. What American knows who Levi Morton was, or Hobart, Marshall and Curtis? Yet all served in living memory, with only one missed heart-beat between them and the tenancy of the White House. This fate, at least, is not courted by Richard Milhous Nixon, the man who has turned a sinecure into a responsible post with excellent prospects. None of his predecessors has risen so high so fast, nor have they served a President so willing to share his burden with a professional politician, so thankful that the mate can, and often does, steer the ship. For Nixon is not left to preside somnolently over the Senate, nor to wander round Washington looking for something to do: he is an ex-officio member of the Cabinet; he serves on the National Security Council, which has superseded the Cabinet in many high policy decisions; and he handles the delicate relations between the White House and the leaders of Congress. Whether or not President Eisenhower is consciously grooming him for the succession, Nixon is the first Vice-President who by training and experience would be competent to take over if, as happened one day in 1945 to Mr. Truman, "the heavens fell on him." Already, as a member of the White House staff said recently, "for all practical purposes he's running the Government here in Washington."

Richard Nixon's career has been like the course of a lucky player at Snakes and Ladders. At each crucial moment, he has thrown the right number. And though it has sometimes seemed that luck has been helped by loaded dice, in forty-two years he has written himself a biography that is almost too perfect. When he was seven, his grandmother Almira Milhous gave him a portrait of Lincoln inscribed with the verse:

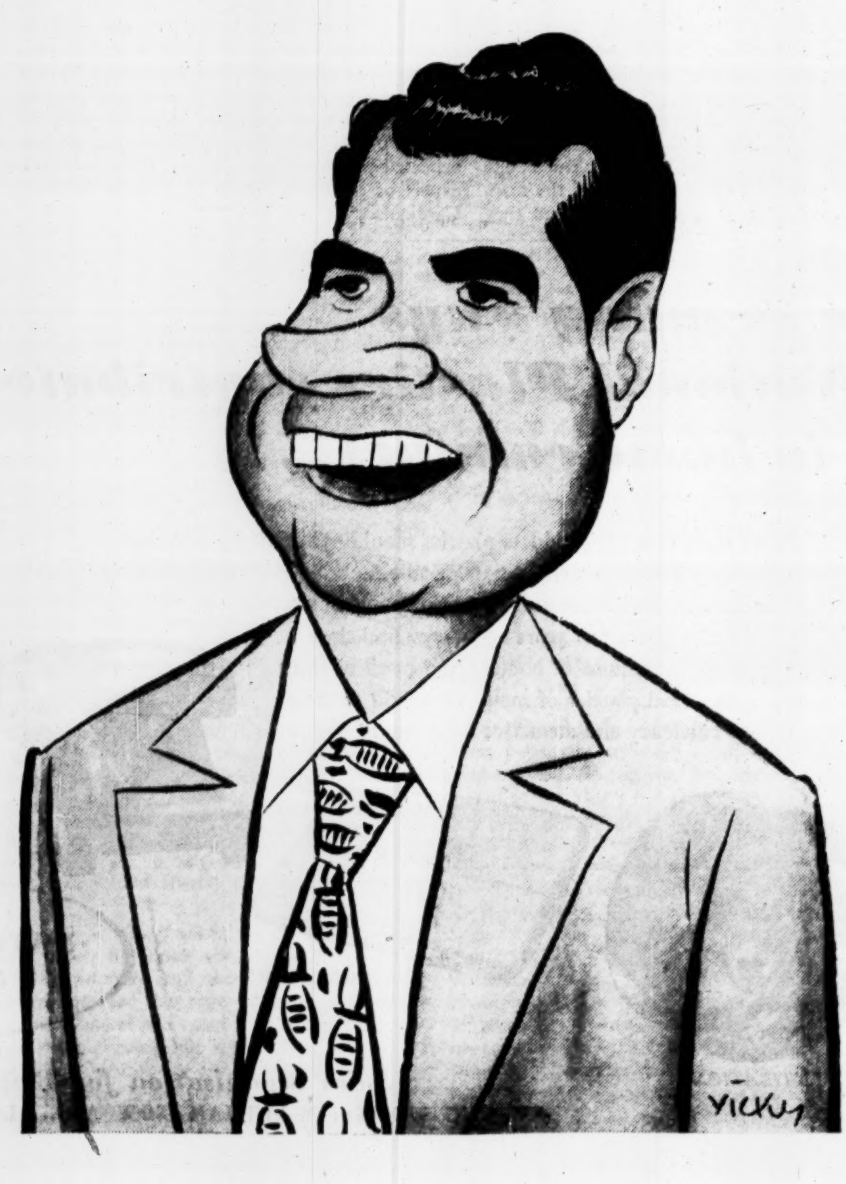
> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints in the sands of time.

This text may still have been hanging above his bed when, as a student at Whittier College, he listened to his history teacher, Professor Smith, insisting that events were shaped by great men, not by social forces—a theme to which Nixon returned several times in praising Eisenhower in the 1952 campaign.

Nixon himself is not the stuff from which great men are made. He lacks principle and imagination. But he has all the elements needed for success in modern America. Eisenhower thinks that the Nixons, with their two small daughters, are "the representative American family." They look right and they act right. Nixon might be mistaken for a car or insurance salesman, or perhaps an account executive in an advertising agency. Though he is a Quaker, he chose to enlist and had a good war record in the Navy. Before that he had worked his way through college by working part-time in the family grocery and gas-station in Whittier, California. A good academic record and five years as a practising attorney showed that he had ability, and gave him experience that was to be immensely useful when he came to serve, in his first months in Congress, on the Un-American Activities Committee. He has personal charm, of the synthetic kind that appeals to a public conditioned by Hollywood and TV heroes; he works hard; and he does not conceal his ambition. No "Mr. Republican"—Nixon is not a diehard like Bob Taft—he is "Mr. Smoothie," the All-American Boy.

These talents stood Nixon in good stead at the greatest crisis in his career, when in the 1952 campaign he had to face the charge that he had been receiving money from a secret fund raised by a group of wealthy Californians called Volunteers for Good Government. Eisenhower was furious at the disclosure—especially since he had hand-picked Nixon at Chicago as his running-mate and as they both were denouncing the corruption of the Truman Administration. There was talk that Nixon would be dropped from the ticket as he went on the radio and television circuits to defend himself. He rose to the occasion. As his wife sat beside him before the cameras, he defended himself as an honest man who had taken the money for such essential purposes as sending Christmas cards to his supporters—$4,237 in two years—or travelling expenses, instead of throwing the burden on the taxpayers. He lashed out at "the Communists and crooks" who were trying to smear him, accused Adlai Stevenson of having a similar secret fund, and laid bare what appeared to be an exact account of his whole financial history. He mixed self-pity, sentiment and confident denunciation of his opponents, using every cliché in the politician's handbook, and imitated Roosevelt ("they now attack my little dog, Fala") by stoutly defending the right of his children to keep a cocker spaniel which, oddly enough, was called Checks, sent as a gift by a supporter.

Though Nixon turned the secret fund to his own advantage, the sources of the $18,000 collected in two years showed what kind of people backed him. The largest contributors were real-estate operators (he voted against public housing and rent controls) oil interests (he had voted to take control of tidelands oil away from the Federal Government) and wealthy men who liked his support for tax-reductions, and "free enterprise." Such groups had backed Nixon from the beginning, ever since he was first chosen in 1946 to run in California's 12th District against Congressmen Jerry Voorhis. Nixon was the new kind of candidate that the Republicans needed: ambitious, amenable to business support, but not tarred by obvious association with the oil, fruit and real-estate interests, and willing to attack militant liberals with all the weapons in the anti-Communist arsenal. Voorhis was a Left-wing Democrat, but so anti-Communist that the California C.I.O., then Communist-



dominated, refused to endorse him. This did not stop Nixon smearing him; the slogan was "A vote for Nixon is a vote against the P.A.C. [Political Action Committee of the C.I.O.] and its Communist principles." The same formula was used four years later, only much more viciously, when Nixon ran for the Senate against Helen Gahagan Douglas, another progressive Democrat. Receiving substantial sums from the China Lobby and Californian business, Nixon won after one of the most unpleasant and unscrupulous campaigns of the year.

By this time, Nixon had made his name. He was the man who, in the eyes of America, had exposed Alger Hiss. As he looks back, he must rank that achievement with his television performance in 1952 as a turning point of his career. He had quickly made his mark as a junior member of the Un-American Activities Committee. He had attacked the Truman Administration for laxity in the Eisler case and the espionage hearings; he had helped in the sensational inquiry into Hollywood Communism. Now, uncertain at first whether or not Whittaker Chambers was lying, and feeling like his Committee colleagues that nothing could be gained by any further questioning of Hiss, he suddenly found in Chambers' testimony a "detail that gave me a flash of absolute conviction." Chambers had said that Hiss had once seen a rare bird, a Prothonotary Warbler, by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. When Hiss was asked—and he had no knowledge of what Chambers had said—if he had ever seen such a bird, he answered that he had, "by the C. & O. Canal." From that moment Nixon pursued Hiss relentlessly. Through much of the dramatic hearings it was Nixon who made all the running, right up to the dramatic moment, about six o'clock on the evening of August 17, 1948, when, in a room of the Hotel Commodore in New York, Nixon confronted Hiss with Whittaker Chambers. Nixon had got his quarry, and the game was something bigger and more sensational than ever McCarthy had brought down with his clumsy blunderbuss. The suave young lawyer, the slick operator, had shown that "white-collar McCarthyism" was a better recipe for success than cruder demagogy.

When Nixon was picked to run with Eisenhower, he still managed to keep up a respectable appearance, though the content of his campaign speeches was almost as crude as McCarthy's. He attacked "Communists" and "crooks" in Washington, the seven years of Truman-Acheson rule which "lost six hundred million people to the Communists," let spies, perverts and security-risks run free in government, and saddled the American people with "creeping Socialism." By contrast, Eisenhower would get American boys out of Korea—"The Democrats' War"—and build prosperity on peace and honest government. With only slight variations, Nixon used the same themes when he took the stump for the Republicans last autumn.

He has played his cards cleverly. Though he has never become identified with the Republican diehards, he has avoided too close an identification with the party "liberals": he skilfully manages to look "progressive" and to behave as the tool of the most reactionary elements in U.S. business. He is "safe" on labour law, social security, public housing, taxes, oil, Communism, controls and Chiang Kai-shek. He has been named as one of the leaders of the "preventive war" faction in the Administration. As a "trouble-shooter"—an ultra-Right Harry Hopkins—he has been used to do the hand-shaking, the smiling the smearing and the intriguing which the Administration needs and the President will not do.

# The Arts and Entertainment

## TWO BULLSEYES

RECOVERING earlier than usual from its surfeit of Christmas stodge, the theatre this week offers two real treats to those who are prepared to move a little off the beaten track. The Arts Theatre presents a fresh (fresh, that is, to us) Pirandello which is a dazzling short piece of intellectual excitement, admirably acted and produced; while at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, there is something exactly the opposite, a tenuous piece of theatrecraft, compounded of lightness and sentiment and no less admirably produced and acted in a very opposite style. Both will well reward a visit.

Pirandello's *The Rules of the Game* gave me such pleasure that I can write of it only in superlatives. If this is to be Mr. Fernald's last production at the Arts, it is a fine one to end on. He seems to me to have got all the values right, with the single exception of one, unimportant minor character. The curtain rises on a smart, Italian flat (Paul Mayo's credible design) where a young wife is holding off her insistent lover. Not that she doesn't want him, but she is not in the mood tonight. She is thoroughly put out by her husband's present behaviour. But doesn't he give you absolute freedom? asks her lover. Hasn't he granted the separation you asked for? Hasn't he installed you in this charming flat? Hasn't he agreed not to bother you, and to visit you for only one half-hour each evening for the sake of appearances? Yes, she agrees, he has done all that, but he still hasn't given me freedom. There's only one way of being free from a man like him. To eliminate him. And that, in effect, is what—coincidence helping her—she plans, or half plans, to do; and the play consists in how he turns back her plans upon herself and her lover.

But it is not so much the plot, neat as it is, that excites us; it is the superb condensation of the crackling dialogue which delights from the very first, even with the two lovers who are predominantly animals, but human, aware, adult animals, able to articulate in something more than two-syllable words and simple sentences. This is psychological drama played at a high stage of concentration. When the lovers have set the scene, enter the impossible, self-excoriating husband, Leone, a man who has set out by intellectual effort to make himself absolute master of the despicable situation of being alive by emptying himself of all feeling and so becoming invulnerable. Does this sound dry and arid as a central character? I can assure you that it isn't in the extraordinarily capable and grimly humorous person of Mr. Donald Pleasence. I have watched Mr. Pleasence with the greatest interest ever since I first saw him as the Dauphin in a Bristol Old Vic *St. Joan* four or five years ago. Since then he has not had enough good parts. He is an actor of the Guinness kind (Mr. Alec Guinness is the only other actor I can think of who would be just right for this part) and in this performance Mr. Pleasence is in the Guinness class. It is a quite masterly, highly comic piece of acting.

His first step into the room carries with it an absolute assurance, an assurance that he has a remarkably complete grasp of the part and the play. The variety which he works into the dry, condensed dialogue is an astonishing and delightful thing to hear. He finds a new inflection for every subtlety and variation; and just as some of the Irish actors do, he makes us realise how conventionally "dictioned" stage dialogue is as usually spoken. There is something quite detestable about this Leone, but this is a true reflection of what is contemptible in Leone's attitude to life. And however detestable it is, it commands a grudging admiration by its utter immoveability; it is domination by a perverted sort of non-resistance, and Leone is profoundly aware of the sardonic humour such a position frequently creates Mr. Pleasence misses absolutely nothing, and imposes his conception on us triumphantly. In the smaller part of the lover Mr. Robert Cartland, too, brings off a difficult feat: it isn't easy to be the foolish foil to this egotistical little monster, to keep having to admit to "not quite following." Mr. Cartland does it splendidly, and Miss Melissa Stribling shows promise as the wife. She is learning her comedy in the excellent school of Diana Wynyard. But I mustn't suggest that the play is all talk. Pirandello is a master of situation too, comic and intense, and Mr. Fernald directs with a vivid appreciation of these values. Let those who despise the stage as intellectually too feeble for them try *The Rules of the Game* before they complain again.

At the very opposite extreme of theatre is *The World of Sholem Aleichem* at the Embassy. This consists of three sketches extracted and dramatised (in English, by the way) by Arnold Perl from this Jewish story-writer. The first two of them are extremely slight and exhibit more than anything else the deft, light, lilting volatility of the admirable Jewish actors (Alfie Bass and David Kossoff especially) and the poetic touch of the producer, Mr. Sam Wanamaker. They reminded me in their bareness and simplicity of *The Teahouse of the August Moon*. But they are, of course, considerably better. The third piece is longer and deeper—a more conventional one-acter describing the difficulty of getting a Jewish boy into high schools that are riddled with the quota system (twenty Gentiles, one Jew). But the theatrical method is the same in this. Mr. Wanamaker virtually disposes with scenery and the action moves with the rapidity of a film. This method calls for great flexibility and inventiveness in a producer and an immediate hitting of the note by the actors. Both are there at the Embassy. Jewish acting has something of the vivid excitement and see-saw charm as does Celtic. Meier Tzelmiker, Miriam Karlin, Mark Dignam and Jeremy Spenser make this an extremely touching little play.

T. C. WORSLEY

## BRITTEN'S CANTICLES

THE pleasure of hearing Benjamin Britten's two Canticles broadcast in succession a fortnight ago was increased by the knowledge that he has lately written a third in the series. The new work, to be performed at the Noel Mewton-Wood Memorial Concert at the Wigmore Hall next Friday, is a setting for voice, horn and piano of a poem by Edith Sitwell. Nothing in Britten's output shows his creative power in a more pure, intense, yet relaxed, form than the two published Canticles.

The first is a setting for high voice and piano of a poetic meditation by Francis Quarles on a text from the *Canticles*, or *Song of Solomon*: hence, presumably, the name adopted by the composer for the series as a whole. Quarles elaborates the Biblical phrase, "My beloved is Mine and I am His," in lines which are rather more ingenious than inspired, and it is surprising what a strong flood of emotion they have released in the composer. As might have been expected, his imagination was at once caught by the visual image of the opening stanza: the picture of "two little bank-divided brooks" which, after many wanderings, "meet at last in silver-breasted Thames." The pianist's right hand meanders and trickles in stepwise semiquaver passages which sometimes vanish but reappear unchecked after a bar or two; meanwhile, the voice, like a second stream, pursues a slower and calmer course; each seems harmonically unaware of the other—until, at the word "Thames," both converge upon a clear major chord. It is always difficult, in describing such a passage, to avoid suggesting a rather crude kind of musical pictorialism; but, both here and elsewhere in the Canticle, the visual ideas are worked out in shapes and forms which give deep satisfaction to our purely musical instinct. After passing through various rhythms, keys and textures, the music reaches a final Lento section and sinks to rest in a calm G major, with a widely arching vocal phrase set against a gently throbbing rhythm of tonic and dominant chords. In the last three bars the piano softly and wonderingly repeats the vocal phrase, the left hand imitating the right at a crotchet's distance (again the symbolism of two united beings), to die away on two chords of the tonic in the same gently pulsing rhythm, like the breathing of a deep sleeper. In metaphysical poetry the peace that passeth all understanding is equated with the peace of contented love.

The form of *Canticle I* derives from Purcell's Sacred Songs, and the layout of *Canticle II* is influenced, I imagine, by Purcell's vividly dramatic scena describing the visit of Saul to the Witch of Endor. A sure instinct guided Britten to a text, the *Abraham and Isaac* episode from the Chester Miracle Plays, which might have been written for him. The artless little drama, so true to human nature, shows Abraham torn between love for his child and the desire to obey God, Isaac divided between submission to his father and fear of death. Neither the *Iphigenia* of Euripides nor the Prince Arthur scene in *King John*, M. Legouis once remarked, has more feeling than this brief anonymous dialogue, in which "little Isaac trembles before the gleaming sword, thinks of his mother in grief, asks for the fatal stroke yet would avert it."

In the opening bars we are offered something very Biblical: the musical equivalent of a miracle. From a combination of the two voices, tenor and contralto, that are destined to sing Abraham and Isaac respectively, the composer conjures up a third voice, the voice of God. Moving exactly together in note values, but converging and diverging mysteriously towards and away from the unison, the two-voices-in-one contrive to suggest a sound that is intimate yet not human. The long dialogue that follows between father and son is pitched for the most part in a low tone of humility and submission, with a fluttering syncopated episode to suggest the child's alarm; the tender humanity of the rough old words is at every point preserved and enhanced. At Abraham's "Make thee ready, my dear darling," the voices move into a quiet 6/8 melody of extreme simplicity, against which the pianist's left hand treads firmly and lightly in a 2/4 metre: we are made to feel that the sad business, the little unexplained walk "to yonder mount," has begun. Here again, in describing such a passage, it is all too easy to exaggerate the subtle and highly stylised illustrative element in the music, while disregarding its pure musicality. Whether we find any visual image or none in this lightly moving bass, it is alive in a way that is the hallmark of the thoroughbred musician. When pupils brought their songs to Stanford, he used to put his hand over the middle parts and scrutinise the melody and the bass: "all the rest is padding, me boy." From such a test Britten, whose texture is uncommonly free from padding, would emerge with distinction. The whole composition, quite an extended one, is filled with subtleties of workmanship; but these are never obtrusive. At the end, what lingers in the listener's memory is the unity of feeling, the complete propriety of mood and tone. From first to last, there is nothing exaggerated, not a note that is false or forced.

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As is well known, this second Canticle was written for Peter Pears and Kathleen Ferrier; and to the latter's untimely end the words proved sadly appropriate. She sang Isaac's music to perfection; the innocent smoothness of her middle voice, especially in the D flat major passage in 3/4 time, "Father, do with me as you will," and the feeling of complete resignation and humility with which she imbued this passage, must long continue to haunt all who heard her performance. It is very sad that her recording of the Canticle, though announced and actually given a number, should never have been made. Unfortunately, a B.B.C. recording was destroyed after having been three times broadcast; and an appeal which I made elsewhere nearly a year ago has not yet brought to light any private transcription good enough to be used on a commercial record. It is conceivable that a reader of this journal may own, or know of, an adequate transcription. But I must not suggest that the music has passed into unworthy hands, for Norma Procter gave an intimate and perceptive performance which fell easily into place beside the contributions of Peter Pears and the composer.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## PAINTING AND OIL

It is frequently suggested with great relief that state patronage is not really as necessary as was once naively thought, and that instead big business will play the role of public patron. The development of this idea fits into the whole concept of the Managerial Revolution. Theoretical suspicion of this concept has now—in art, at least—been confirmed by practice. Shell commissioned fifty young, relatively unknown artists (35 of whom were British) to paint their oil industry. Ninety of these works, all of which have been bought by the company, are now on show at the R.W.S. Galleries. Many factors, such as lack of time and the artists' unfamiliarity with their subject matter, may explain the low standard of the works. But what is so significant is the desolately mechanical and inhuman aspect of the show. It is true that many oil installations are highly mechanised and require comparatively few (to use the managerial catch-phrase) personnel. But it is not only the exaggerated absence of figures in these pictures that makes them so inhuman; it is also the lack of any attempt even to imagine how the plant might strike those who man it. Only one painting is of an oil worker—and that, characteristically enough, is by an Italian. The most deeply felt pictures are Frankenstein-threatening, in which the machines, not being understood, are invested with a mysterious, predatory and what is meant to be awe-inspiring life of their own. The majority, however, contain no feeling at all, and in spirit are like board-room architectural elevations—"Gentlemen, this is our project"—monolithic, smooth and steel-benevolent. The general effect of the exhibition is in fact admirably summed up by the title of a painting by a German artist, *Industry Is One*. Yet, not just from a political but simply from a human point of view, industry is labour: that is to say shifts, oil stains, scorches, skill, pay-packets, grumbling, pride, humour, physical effort, danger and what one does the whole year round except when one has a day off—everything that these paintings fail to imply.

The attitude behind these works is much the same as that behind all management's presentation of industry—the blarney of the copy writers quoting Bacon and lyricising about the scale of their scientific edifices offered up on the altar of progress. These artists visited the installations on brief, official visits. They should have been given employment cards and clocked in and out with the rest over a period of months. But would their pictures then have been so easy to hang in the company's international offices? There is one other point about this experiment worth mentioning. The new young realists such as Greaves, Middleditch, Daniels, Platt, Uglow (all of whom are represented by works well below par) are frequently called Social Realists. I myself originally said that their works revealed a tendency towards a new social awareness. That it is only a tendency is proved by the sad way in which they have ignored the human and social possibilities here. They will eventually become all that their opponents accuse them of being—grim, sordid, needlessly pessimistic—unless they consciously increase their grasp of these possibilities.

At the St. George's Gallery, Cork Street, there are some excellent, modest and very serious paintings by a young artist called Anthony Fry. They demand hard looking; their low tonality and their total lack of mannerism offer no easy charms. His nudes and portraits show a will and ability for the most searching analysis. His landscapes show intelligence—he has studied Cézanne in relation to Poussin, instead of far more easily studying him through Bracque. But most impressive of all are his traditional figure compositions: *The Rape of the Sabines, The Prodigal Son, Dancing Figures*. In these he proves himself rare among his contemporaries by his painter's interest in the true visual expressiveness of human beings: the expressiveness of movement and gesture, conveyed neither by futurist tricks nor by camera shock tactics, but by the feeling of a way into, and the handling of a way around, the natural articulations of the figure. The looseness of his painting in, for instance, the couple on the extreme right of the Dancing Figures, is deeply imaginative: the result of synthesis out of his mind following observation in front of nature. The space around these figures winds off them and is at the same time wound on to other dancers. That is composition in the full sense of the word, establishing the paradox of movement and permanence that Keats described in the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*.

The exhibition of our nine leading and most convinced abstract artists at the Redfern is well worth a visit. However limited one may believe their vision to be, they have an integrity that is impressive, whilst their self-imposed disciplines have developed their purely visual sensibility to a very high pitch. These are their best works to date; contrary to what I thought, their work has become livelier instead of staler. At Roland, Browse and Delbanco, three young artists, Philip Sutton, Margaret Neve and Norman Adams deserve and will repay attention.

In the New Year collection at the Leicester Galleries, there are some good satirical Spears, an unusually direct gouache landscape by Humphrey Spender, some fine Meninskys, a bronze head by John Harvey, impressive in profile, an imaginative picture of a child by Lewin Bassingthwaighte and a *Smiling Woman* (1945) by Sutherland.

JOHN BERGER

## LOOK AND LISTEN

For the time being, though no doubt the time will prove mercifully short, Mrs. Margaret Knight is almost the most famous woman in Britain, and all because she has, to use the words of the Dean of St. Paul's, "been expounding a doctrine called Scientific Humanism in a moderate and courteous manner." But she has been doing so on the wireless, and the result has been a storm of protest and vituperation greater even than that which arose over the televising of *Nineteen Eighty-four.* Dr Donald Soper described it precisely when he called it a "working up of hysteria." He was, he said, "appalled" by it, and so surely must be every liberal-minded person quite irrespective of their faith or lack of faith. Liberal-minded persons have complained often enough of B.B.C. timidity; the case of Mrs. Knight shows how great the temptation must be for the B.B.C. never to be anything else but timid, for the hysteria which came to a head over Mrs. Knight's talks, talks the contents of which would not have seemed outrageous to T. H. Huxley, Leslie Stephen and George Eliot a century ago, is, it now seems pretty plain, a hysteria almost inevitably attendant on broadcasting and television in our society.

And here the attitude of the press towards broadcasting and television provides the clue. Broadcasting and television have constantly to withstand the scrutiny of a quite unnaturally fierce publicity, a publicity which is rapidly destroying all perspective, all sense of proportion, all values. But let us glance at the way in which radio and television was covered in last week's national newspapers, and let us begin with the issue of the *Daily Telegraph* for Monday, January 10. Five letters on Mrs. Knight's first talk, *Morals Without Religion,* against the broadcasting of which "Peterborough" had already protested. For the rest, nothing sensational: Mr. L. Marsland Gander's regular column on radio and TV, a sensible notice of the previous evening's play on TV, a four-inch report of Mr. Frank Owen's appearance in *What's My Line?* and an inch or so reporting that no successor to Lady Boyle, as commère of the TV variety show *Quite Contrary,* had yet been chosen. *The News Chronicle,* the *Mail* and the *Express* all considered Mr. Owen's debut in a panel worth about six inches of space; the *Worker* thought it important enough to put on the front page. But for the moment let us follow Lady Boyle through Monday's papers. A mere two inches in the *News Chronicle*; 54 lines in the *Sketch*; "'Bunkum to say I've been dropped' says Katie Boyle" in the *Mirror* to the length of a column.

This, of course, was not all. Mr. Ron Randell, a film actor who won immediate fame last year when, as chairman of *What's My Line?*, he blew a kiss into the camera, arrived from New York, and a photograph of him kissing the lady he proposes to marry as soon as his divorce is through graced the *Herald,* the *Mail* (with ten inches of letterpress), the *Sketch* (three pictures) and the *Mirror.* A two-column headline on the *Mirror's* front page announced: "Children write to Annette Mills: 'Please, *please* get better'." Miss Mills died during the day: it was front-page news in the London evening papers, in the *Evening News* to the extent of two columns; the death of H. A Vachell got an inch and a half. Meanwhile the *Star* ran a half-page article "Behind the scenes of '*Ask Pickles*'," written by the producer of that programme, published an article on marmalade-making by a lady described as "TV Cookery Expert," and further demonstrated its devotion to the medium in its second leader, "Pep it Up," addressed to Sir George Barnes.

On that Monday too, a television star, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, published his autobiography: it was reviewed on the feature page of the *Mail* by another television star, Dr. Glyn Daniel. Sir Mortimer was the subject of a feature in the *Evening News,* which also carried a feature article on the current film in the television series *War in the Air.*

This is one day's coverage of TV in the national press, and the survey is not by any means complete. As a study of the newspapers for the rest of the week shows, it was not at all unusual. The one abnormal feature was that on Thursday and Friday, television was ousted by sound, in other words by Mrs. Knight. This review is unfair in that I have not mentioned the excellent criticism of sound and television that may be found generally in a few papers: the *Telegraph* and the *Mail,* for example, treat serious programmes as seriously as they do new plays and films, as *The Times* does now.

Perhaps the situation is only to be expected. Radio, and TV to a much greater degree, have become in a wholly new way the unifiers of the nation. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the public interest in these media: the press reflects that interest, even though sections of it habitually distort and sensationalise it. What is terrifying is the constant assumption that the public must be protected. The outcry against both *Nineteen Eighty-four* and Mrs. Knight's talks sprang from a fear that the public, or some members of it, might be frightened or unsettled. The nauseating thing about the outcry against Mrs. Knight was that it came from those whose beliefs are broadcast day in and day out, from those, in other words, who, so far as faith is concerned, have a virtual monopoly of the air. The B.B.C. has stood firm; and that is what is must always do when these storms arise. The best answers to the criticisms of the *Telegraph* and the *Sketch* come from radio and television themselves, which is not to say the B.B.C. in its corporate capacity. On the Friday of what must be considered Mrs. Knight's week the four speakers in *Any Questions?* were asked "Do the team believe it is possible to be good without believing in God, and should the B.B.C. have broadcast Mrs. Knight's talks?" The answer to the second half of the question—from Mr. Percy Cudlipp, Mr. Anthony Crosland, Mr. Wightman and Mr. Angus Maude—was yes. Seven million people listen to *Any Questions?*

William Salter

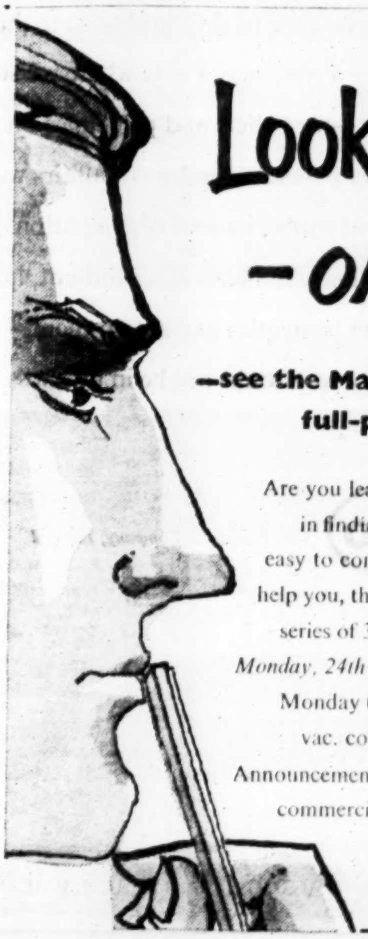
## THE MOVIES

### "Umberto D." and "Welcome Mr. Marshall," at the Curzon
### "Animal Farm," at the Ritz

At last it arrives at the Curzon—which by the way also gave us our first sight of *Bicycle Thieves*—and my invitation to the accompanying *Welcome Mr. Marshall* refers to *Umberto D.* as "De Sica's outstanding masterpiece." There are, of course, so many masterpieces week in and week out that his must be picked out from all the others. That might be—if audiences shouldn't quite take to it—its trouble. They already have their idea of what a "masterpiece" should be, and this one mightn't accommodate them. What, no Love, only a pregnant little skivvy naively wondering over the responsibility of two soldiers! A dog that could do tricks, but doesn't once cock its ears at the gallery! An old man struggling towards his end, losing his dog and finding it again, and giving the girl such sympathy and advice as may, perhaps, save worse tumbles! Too simple—say the wise commercial heads—too difficult.

Screen appeal, we know, may pervert natural sentiment, but I can't believe that the taste has been destroyed for every film story that doesn't whistle up fine feelings and unearth deep plots. Here, without either, we venture enormously. Certain lives, for the space of an hour and a half, become so acutely ours that we share not only their habits and endearments, but their wallpapers, the trams grinding round the corner, other lives, other places contiguous and pressing lightly or fatally on loneliness. We seem to understand these people when they smile or sigh, stare out of the window, do chores. Why should a situation be given them? They are the situation.

They live. They have been loved by their creator, and that gives them, it may be, their grandeur. Nothing they say or do, in this charmed if grey existence, can be without value. Thus, the spell



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**WE BELIEVE** that in thus engaging in business—which we have done for the last 66 years—a company takes upon itself certain obligations :—

**OBLIGATIONS.** *To those who have associated themselves with the Company's business as suppliers of capital or labour; to the community at large; and finally to the Company itself. Specifically, these obligations can be summarised as follows :*

**TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.** *Since it is the Shareholders who provide the money without which the Company cannot either come into being, remain in business or develop, it is right that the Company should so conduct its affairs as to provide a fair return for the Shareholders' investment and the risk they have taken. Plainly it is also in the Company's direct interest to do so, otherwise capital will not remain available nor will fresh capital be forthcoming for development.*

**TO THE EMPLOYEES.** *Since the employees give their skill, experience, energy and time to the Company, it is right that the Company should secure for them also the material reward appropriate to their efforts and abilities. This reward should at all times be adequate to ensure a decent progressive standard of living, and should be increased as and when individual ability, loyal service and acceptance of greater responsibility make this in equity desirable. A fair system of material rewards will also include facilities for social security, such as pensions and other benefits, supplementary to those already provided by the State.*

*The Company also recognises its obligation to provide safe and sanitary working conditions and to see that hours of work and opportunities for rest, holidays and recreation are at least as favourable as those observed by other leading companies in comparable operations. Its aim is, by objective selection, to place employees in the work most suited to their abilities and to provide the means for them to improve their performance by training and so advance in their profession.*

*For the efficient and harmonious conduct of its business, the Company believes in the necessity and value of joint consultation at all levels.*

*Finally, the Company recognises an employee's religious and political freedom ; that is, his freedom to associate or not with any religious body, political party or any lawful society or organization.*

**TO THE COMMUNITY.** *Since a company is an integral part of the social and economic life of the community—be it locally or nationally—it is under an obligation to conduct its business in such a way as to further the social and economic progress of that community, or at very least not to impede it.*

*It has a duty beyond its immediate business of supplying goods and services at the right quality and price ; it has a duty of citizenship, of co-operating with the proper authorities at every level of government. In framing its policies, it must consider the aspects of the public interest. In its everyday actions it must practise consideration for its neighbours. It must be an active asset to the community within which it operates, not a passive occupier of space.*

**TO THE COMPANY.** *If one is convinced, as we in this Company are convinced, that a competitive, privately-owned oil industry best serves the public's needs ; that, inside that industry, this Company is well fitted and well able to supply the consumer with the products he requires at an economic price ; and that, at the same time, the Company fulfils its obligations to its shareholders, to its employees and to the community at large, then one final obligation logically follows.*

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*That responsibility falls not only on management, but on every one of the 12,000 men and women who earn their living in this country with Esso.*

of *Umberto D.*; and it is conveyed by a multitude of small touches, such as Rouquier applies to the seasons or Sucksdorff to animals, and the rarer here since it distinguishes common humanity.

Meeting this film a second time, I am able to take more note of contributory effects. G. R. Aldo's photography and Cicognini's music beautifully and inconspicuously achieve their purpose. Cesare Zavattini's script does more. How much it does cannot be quite determined even from the excerpts here and there published; one can only guess where writing ends and direction begins, and De Sica's handling of his actors leaves us equally ignorant of their possible contribution in the matter. Any collaboration less close, one suspects, would have left cracks and strains in an inner continuity. *Umberto D.* has been spoken of as the end of its particular movement of Neo-realism; but it seems to me rather a beginning for all, who will recognise in such a convergence of truth and feeling, expressive detail and outline a method essential to film-making.

The week's other film also sustains, or part-sustains, adult hopes. The merits and faults of *Animal Farm* are cleanly divided: on the one hand the satirical fable is put over quite frighteningly in a form familiar as Guinness advertisements; on the other that form is either capable of better development or unsuitable for the purpose. Halas and Batchelor have, in fact, spliced Orwell with Disney; but their *Animal Farm* certainly alarmed me more if it wheedled me less than the written word. The pig voices caught echoes nearer home, however far off might be the famous slogans; the dotty sheep, the poor traitor hens, the valiant Boxer, and their subsequent enslavement, clutch at a seriousness not hitherto attempted; and the moral hits you in the eye, if you're let off more lightly at the end than need be. In times which have made a strip cartoon of the *Iliad*, one may at least be thankful for the boldness and restraint of *Animal Farm* and the prospect of new sources to be tapped.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

BJPS

*The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science*

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# Correspondence

## PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT

SIR,—As a psychiatrist, may I endorse your correspondent's complaints? What he says is true—the "skilled treatment" for which offenders may be bound over in the courts, or available to mentally sick people generally, is often pitifully inadequate.

Three main reasons explain this state of affairs.

First, our psychiatric hospitals were nearly all designed for custodianship of the chronically insane, and the old atmosphere and traditions must haunt them for many years yet.

Secondly, psychiatrists are, after all, only doctors who have specialised in mental diseases. Their medical training equips them for treating organic psychoses due, for example, to syphilis or brain atrophy, but it acquaints them in no way with psychology, psychoanalysis, and the social sciences. In these, the average doctor is no better informed (perhaps worse) than the educated layman and as a result, of course, he faces the vast modern occurrence of neurosis almost an amateur. Psychiatrists, at least, even those who reject Freud, have been sufficiently influenced by him no longer to remain content with an exclusively organic approach to disorder but, time and money being scarce, we can, with the best will, only dabble in the subjects that our basic education never provided. Few, indeed, are thus genuinely competent to supply skilled psychotherapy.

Thirdly, in the post-war years, out-patient clinics have sprung up everywhere to meet a more enlightened public's demand for something better than "nerve tonics" for its emotional problems. Obviously, the mental hospital psychiatrists who man these clinics are neither numerous enough nor trained to meet this demand—a fact which neither they themselves, overcome with new-found prestige, nor well-meaning magistrates or doctors who refer people to them appreciate. In consequence, neurotics attending such clinics will seldom receive more than sedatives and occasional reassuring chats. If symptoms persist the doctor may suggest entering the mental hospital for a "rest" or for shock treatment—in reality, he has nothing else to offer.

At present, the National Health Service simply does not cater for sufferers with neuroses and like conditions. It cannot do so for many years and certainly not before there is an informed body of opinion recognising how deplorable the situation is. Then, possibly, the medical curriculum might be reformed, modern psychiatric centres built, and psychotherapists (not all necessarily doctors) trained in appropriate numbers, even though it may cost as much as a few bomber squadrons.

MENTAL HOSPITAL DOCTOR

## THE DUTCH LABOUR PARTY

SIR,—I am rather disturbed by Professor Cole's sweeping statement that "hardly anything of Socialism" survives in France, in Belgium and in Holland. Has Mr. Cole not noticed that the Dutch Labour Party achieved two remarkable electoral victories, in 1952 and in 1953, when for the first time the Dutch Labour Party had the highest poll in the country? How could Mr. Cole under these circumstances say that these parties "are supported by only a fraction of the working class and show no sign of increasing their influence"? The system of coalition governments makes it rather difficult for one single party to point at a specific issue and to claim the merit for having achieved it. But would it not be fair to assume that the Dutch Labour Party has something to do with the fact that since the war the State is in control of the civil aviation and of part of the steel production, whereas the coal mining industry and the railways have been nationalised long before the war? The system of social security has been greatly improved since 1945 and the recent law on old age pensions is certainly second to none; its scale is far ahead of the British scale. As to the question whether the Dutch Labour Party shows signs of increasing its influence, it is sufficient to mention that the increase of the Labour vote in the Netherlands could never have taken place without making inroads into the compact mass of Catholic

voters. At the same time the number of Communist voters has greatly decreased.

It is equally unfair, in my opinion, to say that the Socialist Parties "were driven" into coalitions. P.R. has been generally accepted by the European countries as the electoral system which is right for them, and coalitions had to be accepted as its logical outcome. Would Mr. Cole approve of a Socialist party which obtains, say, 30 per cent. of the seats and stands aside without taking part in the government? Can such a strong party leave the formation of the government to its political opponents and stand aside?

Another possibility for a Socialist European Party would be to remain in opposition until it has a majority in the country. How big would this majority have to be? Has a Socialist Party which has a majority of 51 per cent. the right to introduce radical socialist legislation and to disregard the opinions of the remaining 49 per cent.? The attitude taken by both the Labour Government of 1950 and the Conservative Government of 1951 seems to indicate that a stronger majority is required. Only Communist "democracy" can do with a majority of one per cent.

It is more than doubtful whether any Continental Socialist Party can obtain in the near future a very substantial parliamentary majority. But, whatever the means, the aims of European Socialists are and always will be Socialism.

RICHARD JOKEL
*London Correspondent*
*Het Vrije Volk*

## BERLIN AND THE PARIS TREATIES

SIR,—Professor Meusel's letter, with its irredentist attitude concerning German unity, emphasises what must be a very likely sequel to the ratification of the Paris Agreements, namely, serious trouble over Berlin.

I have nowhere seen any suggestion that West Berlin is scheduled for any kind of special treatment under the agreements. But it is quite inconceivable that the East German Government or their Russian backers will tolerate a change of status which will put a Wehrmacht base in the middle of their territory, and greatly strengthen the nuisance value of the area as a centre for the activity of discontented elements in their own population.

Surely, then, West Berlin ought to be excluded from the scope of the Paris Agreements? If it is not, we obviously face the prospect of a renewed blockade, probably conducted far more resolutely than the last effort, which seemed to be rather in the nature of a "try-on." Furthermore, such action, in view of the vehement disapproval of the Paris Agreements expressed by the East German and Russian Governments, would not be entirely without some kind of justification. And over a major issue of this kind, we will be faced with the choice between abject capitulation and atomic war.

J. D. SOLOMON

12 Park Avenue,
East Sheen.

## DR. ADENAUER'S JEWRY

SIR,—Having read the article, "Dr. Adenauer's Jewry" (NEW STATESMAN, January 1), may I be allowed to make the following comments?

The author of the article seems to see the situation of the majority of those German Jews who have returned to Germany in a wrong perspective. Most of them are old, unable to work; they draw a small pension, a little more than the "old age pension" in England. They live in homes for the aged or alone, without companions. Nearly all of them suffer terribly from loneliness, since their friends and relations died in Hitler's gas chambers. For instance, in my home town, Mannheim, there used to live 6,000 Jews before Hitler, today there are no more than 150. They are not exposed to any aggressive anti-Semitism but, on the other hand, they find a complete lack of appreciation of their situation.

It is, of course, true that several of those who have returned to Germany are now to be found in highly responsible positions, but these people are mainly experts in certain fields. Many of them have been expressly asked to return, but the majority of the returned emigrants live in poor circumstances and are very unhappy. To be sure, there are many people in Germany who are trying to make amends for what has happened, not only materially; but mostly they preach to deaf ears, not because Germans lack good will, but because they are ignorant and completely apathetic to the situation. As to your contributor's reference to the complete raising of Nazi restrictions in the cultural field, I can only say that, of course, this is so. The astonishing thing is that it needs to be mentioned at all.

Berlin-Grunewald. HELEN CLASSE

SIR,—In his article, "Dr. Adenauer's Jewry," in your issue of January 1, Mr. Gervais states:

> . . . I heard many complaints about Adenauer's policy of American ingratiation which led him to donate the 600 million Marks of reparation to Israel, instead of to world Jewish organisations or to U.N., so that the Israelis have benefited far more than the Jews in the Federal Republic itself.

This statement is not accurate. In fact, 450 million Marks are being paid to the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany, representing the major Jewish organisations throughout the world.

For technical reasons only, and with the full consent of these organisations, this sum is being paid, by 14 yearly instalments, to the State of Israel which, in turn, is passing it on punctually and regularly to the Conference. This arrangement was necessary because the payments by the Federal German Government are made in goods which could only be taken up in Israel. This does not affect at all the fact that the real and actual beneficiary is the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany and, through it, Jewish organisations in various countries.

This will be demonstrated at the meeting in Paris next month of the Board of Directors and Executive of the Conference, of which I am a member, to allocate the 1955 quota of approximately 10 million dollars, to appropriate Jewish organisations.

N. BAROU

21 Langland Gardens, N.W.3.

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

SIR,—"Critic's" comments on the suffocation of the 394 monkeys is timely and reasonable. It seems odd that these deaths should have aroused so much interest in people who are entirely unmoved by the far more horrible deaths they were intended to suffer.

The line drawn by "Critic" is a natural one—no thinking person can possibly approve of using animals in experiments designed to make man more efficient in war, while a surface judgment is likely to refrain from disapproval in the case of medical research. But this raises two questions which "Critic" ignores. The first, of course, is whether vivisection does, in fact, increase medical knowledge for the good of mankind. In practice, the differences between animals and men are found to be sufficient to invalidate the results of experiments on animals until, at least, they have been tried out on man. But if the final experiments in any case must be on the human being, are the previous animal experiments justified in any light?

The second question arises if it is decided (in the teeth of the evidence) that animal experimentation does have the results claimed for it. If so, can the evil means be justified by the ends, however good? On purely human ethics, no doubt this is so; but for those of us who are Christians—and there are still many of us!—evil means can never be justified, whether the end be good or bad.

Aberdeen. GEOFFREY P. T. PAGET KING

SIR,—"Critic" writes in his London Diary: "If for instance, there was any good reason for expecting to cure polio by the butchery of a number of guinea pigs . . . there would not, I take it, be any argument."

I can assure "Critic" there would most emphatically be argument. From the point of view of an animal it surely does not matter whether experiment on it is to advance the so-called interests of medicine or for purposes of war.

It hardly occurs to me that I am alone in the opinion that if humanity can be saved only by the torture of animals—whether for "medicine" or any other purpose—then humanity is not worth saving.

Mitcham. H. HEUMANN

## "AUNT OR ARBITER"

SIR,—Mr. Berger's plans for dealing with "the problem of art in a democratic society" are not merely un-English, as he fears, but dictatorial in the worst Fascist or Sovietic style. The Arts Council *must* be turned into a "commissioner," and this commissioner *must* do this, should do that, and "for better or worse" "the whole present development of contemporary art *must* change direction."

Why? To please Mr. Berger? To satisfy some obscure lust of his for power? Why should the Arts Council buy works of art, not because they are "good," but because They are "popular" or "didactic"? Why should the whole cultural scene in this country be turned into a high-powered propaganda factory directed by some frothy-mouthed Goebbels?

One goes on asking why in the vain hope of forming some idea of Mr. Berger's ideal of life or of art. Does he never ask himself how great works of art came into being? Did some commissar prod Rembrandt or Goya? Did Cézanne sup with the C.G.T.?

I know the problem is a little more complicated than these counter-questions imply; I know my Marx and I know my Antal. The art of any period is more or less remotely related to the economic forces and social structure of that period. Nevertheless, art never was and never will be bullied into existence by a commissar. It grows like the grass grows, and all we can do is to scatter a little lime on it from time to time, to keep the soil sweet. That is what the Arts Council is doing so intelligently. (And one has only to turn to another page of this same issue of the NEW STATESMAN, the review of Mr. John Buxton's book on Sir Philip Sidney, to see how intimately, in a particular period, the field was cultivated.)

HERBERT READ

## MALORY'S ARTHUR

SIR,—Since Mr. Hugh Vaudrey accuses me (*N.S. & N.*, Jan. 8) only of talking the plainest nonsense rather than of unethically manipulating the original Arthurian texts, he may be let off with a caution. But:—

(1) The accepted English spelling of the French Roncevaux *is* Roncevalles—the earlier form.

(2) Since apparently Mr. Vaudrey has read the Arthurian legends only in a schoolboy edition, he had better ask at the local library for Vol. 2 of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, where the legend of Arthur's incest with Iseult is discreetly mentioned under the heading *Arthur*; I will not trouble him with the original sources, which might make him blush.

(3) The Roman dragon standard, of Chinese origin, was carried by Belisarius in his Persian, Vandal and Gothic campaigns of the early sixth century; and the suggestion that Uther Pendragon was so named because his archers rallied to the same standard (which gave them the direction of the wind) is not mine, and has been widely accepted. Can Mr. Vaudrey really have misread me as saying that it was also a barometer?

(4) Nennius's Arthur marched under the sign of the Cross, but so did Ivan the Terrible, Pedro the Cruel and the Conquistadores of the New World.

(5) Nelson was, indeed, in the heroic Arthurian tradition, but though one or two of his band of brothers may have been Parsifals or Galahads, not even the triple cross at his masthead restrained Nelson himself from open bawdry with another knight's wife. His body may rest in St. Paul's and his funeral effigy in Westminster Abbey, but his soul went to Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. So whether King Arthur is or is nat dede, must remain an open question.

ROBERT GRAVES

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# Books in General

"I AM their leader; I must follow them." This, we suppose, is the essence of leadership in a democratic community. The members of a party, or the rank-and-file of a trade union, express their wishes; and it is the duty of the leader to translate these wishes, prejudices, or ambitions into action. We interpret the past in the same spirit. History is no longer the record of the achievements of extraordinary men. Our historians accumulate the biographical details of a thousand forgotten figures; and the great men, if brought in at all, merely provide decorative symbols for the prevailing outlook. Napoleon becomes a shorthand-sign for the profiteers of the French revolution; Hitler for the German capitalists or for the German middle-classes who have lost their savings; even that erratic genius Winston Churchill is made to appear somehow as "old England." Prime Ministers were once little less than gods, shaping the destinies of the country by their individual genius. Now they are lay-figures, their sole function to wear the appropriate period clothes. The two Pitts represent aggressive commercial imperialism; Palmerston a declining Whig aristocracy; Gladstone the Free Trade manufacturers. Lloyd George speaks for those who made money out of the first world war, and Baldwin for those who lost it.

Of course, there is some truth in this way of looking at things. A public man who cared only for outworn causes would no more command a following than a writer who used classical Latin in an age of vernacular literature would sell his books. Yet reality has a perverse way of going against the pattern that it ought to follow. The leader strays wildly from the class that he is supposed to symbolise and bears little resemblance to a composite picture of his followers. The millions of members of the Labour party, if superimposed one upon another, would never turn into a portrait of Ramsay MacDonald—or even of Clement Attlee. The shrewd operator of symbols could never divine that "the gentlemen of England" were led by one who was unmistakably the son of a Lancashire mill-owner, or the Radical Nonconformists by a High Churchman of classical education, whose devotion to the traditional institutions of the country was dwarfed only by his absorption in the writings of the Early Fathers. Indeed, the greatest failures as leaders are those who best reflect their followers. Charles James Fox had Brooks's written all over him; Lord John Russell really belonged to a great Revolution family; and Neville Chamberlain had in fact been "a good Lord Mayor of Birmingham in an off-year."

Great political leaders are much more than symbols. They are individuals, capturing a cause for their own purpose and giving it an unexpected twist. This is tiresome for the historian, but—to adapt Trotsky's phrase—he who wants a quiet mind should choose some other study than that of history. Systems, patterns, faiths are an attempt to impose an artificial simplification on the infinite variety of the past. The historian remains sceptical of them all, and he can derive only malicious amusement from the efforts of present-day politicians to enlist their great predecessors in contemporary disputes. What would Oliver Cromwell have said about the nationalisation of steel? He would have been even more tongue-tied than was usually the case with him. Benjamin Disraeli would hardly have expressed himself on Tradition and Change as the nine Conservatives did who evoked his shade at Oxford last July[*]. Indeed, he would not have chosen such a fatuous, banal subject. But, once landed with it, he would have said something provocative, though perhaps wrongheaded. The Oxford lecturers specialise in the balanced platitude—the conservatism which Disraeli defined as "Tory men and Whig measures." Highest award must go, of course, to Mr. R. A. Butler, who describes class privileges as "*the richness of developed differences*." But the others are very high, too. Mr. T. E. Utley, concealing the poverty of his thought by the incoherence of his style; Professor Hugh Sellon, ending his survey of foreign policy with the question, "Are the old principles still a sufficient guide in the new world in which we live?" and answering plaintively, "I do not know"; Mr. Angus Maude voicing his confidence in "the instincts of our people"—every lecture is excessively pleasurable, and only 3d. each into the bargain.

Disraeli deserves to be lectured about. He was the oddest great man in our public life by a long chalk. Nothing connected him with the Tory party of the early nineteenth century—nothing, that is, except his calculation that its leadership would be easier to attain than that of the Whigs. He owned no land; he was not English in blood; he was lucky to be even a nominal member of the Anglican Church. In temperament he was even less conservative than in origin. He had a flighty mind, which drifted from smart triviality to adolescent daydreaming and back again. He held nothing sacred except perhaps some Hebrew phrases vaguely remembered. He despised the members of the aristocracy even more than he disliked the poor. He did not even enjoy power when he achieved it. It was not merely that, in his own phrase, "it came too late." Power was too practical an affair to interest him. He relished the trappings of power, not the reality—the drama of great debates, the high-sounding titles, his name echoing through history. Yet in appearance he was least conservative of all. Thick black ringlets, fancy waistcoats, powder and scent were not the marks of a gentleman or even of a politician; and his affected voice—half-drawl, half-lisp—completed the foreign impression. Disraeli increased the obstacles in his path for the pleasure of overcoming them.

He was first and last a great actor, watching his own performance and that of others with ironic detachment. He cared for causes only as a means of combat. Having ousted Peel from the leadership of the Conservative Party by defending the Corn Laws, he cheerfully proposed the next year that Protection should be dropped; and he did nothing to aid agriculture when the great depression hit it at the end of the eighteen-seventies. He attacked Palmerston's irresponsible support of Turkey during the Crimean war; yet repeated this support even more irresponsibly twenty years later. He foresaw the independence of the wretched colonies—"a millstone round our necks"—and welcomed this dissolution of the British Empire; a few years later he claimed a great stroke by making Queen Victoria Empress of India—the biggest piece of tushery even in his career. *Sybil*[†] is supposed to contain a profound social analysis. In fact, it says no more than that the rich are very rich and the poor very poor—by no means a new discovery. His own social policy, when he came to power, turned out to be nothing more startling than municipal wash-houses. He took one step of real importance when he placed the trade unions above the law; but this was a matter of electoral calculation, not of social justice. His only genuine emotion in politics sprang from personal dislike—of Peel in his early career, of Gladstone even more strongly towards the end. What the two men had in common was a readiness to put their convictions above their ambition—the worst of offences in Disraeli's eyes.

In his novels Disraeli invented an interpretation of political history which is sometimes still taken seriously, and was repeated in the twentieth century by our only anti-Semitic writer, Hilaire Belloc. This was the myth of the Venetian oligarchy which was supposed to have taken the Crown prisoner at the time of the Glorious Revolution and from which the Crown should rescue itself by an alliance with the people. This myth had no glimmer of truth. Though eighteenth-century England had indeed a rich and powerful aristocracy, the Crown was always the head of the executive and the ministers were its servants. The Whigs certainly talked of "forcing the closet," but they never succeeded in doing so effectively until after the great Reform Bill, and then only for a decade. The Crown was still of great weight in politics at the time of the Crimean war. By a wild irony, it was Disraeli himself who finally excluded the Crown from politics and turned it into a decorative figurehead. When he introduced household suffrage in 1867 in order to dish the Whigs, he made mass-parties inevitable, and these could not be swayed, as the old aristocratic politicians had been, by personal loyalty to the Crown. Disraeli disguised this, perhaps even to himself, by the flattery which he gave to Queen Victoria, as to many other distinguished ladies; but this was play-acting, not politics.

The two-party system does not figure much in Disraeli's writings, but it was the real basis of his political life and his legacy to posterity. The Whigs had had a theory of party-conflict; but they regarded this as a conflict between the party of the Crown and the party of the people, by which, of course, they meant themselves. Even when Peel recognised after the Reform Act that the Crown could not sustain a party of its own and therefore built up the Conservative party, he did not acknowledge any loyalty, as leader, to his own followers, and said firmly in 1846: "I am not under any obligation to any man or to any body of men." This was his unforgivable sin in Disraeli's eyes. Disraeli hounded Peel out of the party leadership and seized the vacant place. He was the first politician to put loyalty to party above loyalty to country; and his example has been universally admired, though not always followed. Disraeli, and Disraeli alone, riveted on our political life the conception that politics consist entirely in two parties fighting for office. These two parties were to represent not programmes but interests. What interests Disraeli did not much mind. Sometimes he talked of the Conservative Party as "the landed interest"; sometimes he appealed to all who had "a stake in the country"; in practice his Party was an alliance between the City and the mob. None of this mattered. The important thing was the struggle for power—a tradition which the Conservative Party has faithfully observed to this day. It is true also to Disraeli's tradition in not knowing what to do with power when it has got it. To catch the other side bathing and make off with their clothes is still its only resource.

---

[*] *Tradition and Change. Nine Oxford Lectures. Conservative Central Office.* 2s. 6d.

[†] *Sybil, or The Two Nations.* By BENJAMIN DISRAELI. *Penguin Books.* 2s. 6d.

One can understand how Disraeli achieved the leadership of the party by offering the prospect of unremitting combat. The field always prefers a huntsman who halloos them on. But Disraeli knew better tricks. His novels, his speeches, his casual remarks, all held out the promise of a mystery which he never revealed, which was not, in fact, there to reveal. He, not Napoleon III, was the true Sphinx without a secret. Or, rather, his secret was the absence of moral earnestness. A rarefied mountain-air becomes intolerable in time, and the holiday-maker is glad to escape to Monte Carlo. So it was with the Victorians. No age has been more high-minded; and the strain often became unendurable. Gladstone was the Victorian conscience; Disraeli the release from it.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

## THE GIFT

Now what you gave gives back its gifts to me.
You cut me down, and such a cut must bleed.
I would not make a petty mystery
Of what disease was best healed by that deed
But let the surgeons work from what they know
Of tumours, wens, sour growths. What they must
  show
In operation is the power to grow.

Take from the body that which has no place
Except to mark that function alters too.
A man's harsh lines usurp his own child's face,
Himself the child, and yet a man must do
Much violence to the flesh he leaves behind,
And throw all else that's old far out of mind
Lest rags, hair, bone be all his kinsmen find.

And thus removed, trimmed to the quick of love,
To build again, cunning with brick and wood,
Careful of brain and blood. You made me prove
Such action good, and showed me what was good:
The unborn born, the broken broken down
To their first elements, their common noun
First named in definition, and so known.

These healing gifts you had, and when most pain
Jarred from the sickness, gave them. And the
  wound
(Whose paradox was yours), not whole again
But tinctured with what medicine you found
In natural roots, took root from your own skin,
Masking, not it, but its raw origin,
Making my wound, your gift, our common twin.

ANTHONY THWAITE

## The Critic as Sage

**Language as Gesture.** By R. P. BLACKMUR. *Allen & Unwin.* 25s.

In America there are two critics of assured major importance, R. P. Blackmur and Lionel Trilling. They are different, profound and elaborate. Professor Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination* has already established his reputation over here. Now Professor Blackmur's *Language as Gesture*, a selection from his two earlier volumes and eight new essays, will do at least as much for him. Trilling is preoccupied with literature in society, a society which superficially has built itself up on a sort of communal exuberance, on what seems a cheerful imperviousness to the commitments of literature. And Trilling, with some justice, is shocked. Blackmur has other concerns. They are largely technical: his subtitle is *Essays in the Craft and Elucidation of Modern Poetry*; but his technicalities expand at all points into theories beyond the text, not of the text. He is not a critic with a formula, like Cleanth Brooks, nor with a mania, like Kenneth Burke; he is a *literary* critic with a penchant for moral speculation and a gift for pronouncements. It is not orthodox New Criticism; Blackmur's purposes are grander, more personal and more obscure:

> Poetry does not flow from thin air but requires always either a literal faith, an imaginative faith or, as in Shakespeare, a mind full of many provisional faiths.

He is continually at work at his theories of poetry, at his faiths of the rational imagination. They are at once literal, imaginative and provisional. Literal, because Blackmur begins and ends with the word—the word of the text and his own password to its mystery. Imaginative, because he tries to elucidate by his ordering and probing both the labour of craft and the moral conflict that go into the finished work. Provisional, because having erected a whole mode of understanding to fit one writer, he knocks it all down and begins afresh with the next. With equal sympathy he copes with Yeats's magic, Eliot's Christianity, Pound's references, Emily Dickinson's New England, or e. e. cummings's child's play. He believes, it appears, in none of them, allows all their due, and is both fair and strict. He outlines what seems to him to be the elements of the poet's vision, its methods, its consequences and, with much firmness, its limitations. Somehow he makes belief lie down with craft. His effort is original, detailed and comprehensive.

Like all the New Critics, Blackmur believes in the essential rationality of his art. Insights are intelligible and the text is there to prove them. So his first care is for the technicalities of the

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work, his attention scrupulous and minute. He works away constantly at the words, tugging at their meanings, testing the strategy of their position, the energy of their metre. Yet he is far from plodding exegesis. He exercises his linguistic perceptions on the edge of generalities. Hence the range of the essays, despite their declared narrowness. His analyses become almost his objects of meditation. He is, for example, the only critic I know who takes the hocus-pocus of Yeats's *Vision* for what it was worth in conceptual stability and yet manages to make good sense and better criticism. He never uses the machinery to explain away the poetry. His fascination is not with the mythic trappings but with Yeats's effort at total coherence and his achievement of emotional concentration; with, in short, the means of the poetry rather than with its cross-word meaning.

For Blackmur is a technical analyst only because he must. And he must, not because this is the modern style, but because rationality and ordered insight are a passion in his work. Like all passions, at times they ride him:

> Poetry is life at the remove of form and meaning; not life lived but life framed and identified. So the criticism of poetry is bound to be occupied at once with the terms and modes by which the remove was made and with the relation between . . . content and form; which is to say with the establishment and appreciation of human or moral value.

It is not, in fact, necessarily to say that. The jump is typical; sometimes, and elsewhere, it is harmful. Blackmur continually forces his "skilled" and "serious" readers to fill in for themselves the steps of his argument, to bridge whole and separate areas of discourse at the abruptest hints. Here the surprise is not in the leap from form to value, but in the idea of *establishing* one from the other. Good literature affirms existing values, it does not make them. Not so, according to Blackmur, in America, "the first society of the western world not based upon the religious imagination but based directly and precariously upon the secular and experimental imagination, so far as it based at all." The mode of modern poetry being secular, experimental and imaginative, the skills of the critic become essential to his society. He is its sage and mentor. "The props are gone, the values remain." They remain in literature for the critic to reconstruct. By the strength and order and profoundness of his insights he must rescue values bewildered and undercut by technology.

It is a large responsibility and it has its disadvantages. As Augustan writers insisted on a decent respect for social tone and manners, so Blackmur campaigns for the craft of poetry. But craft is not all, nor does respect for it assure the seriousness of the underlying human values. Hence his critical emphasis seems occasionally at fault. Lacking space to prove it, I can only assert dogmatically that, in my opinion, Pound's *Propertius* is not as good as *Mauberley*; that the choruses Blackmur chooses from *Murder in the Cathedral* show Eliot at the point where rhetorical craft overflows into melodrama; that the form of Lawrence's poetry, however far it may fall beneath his prose, is not that of hysteria, obsession and impatience with art. It relies instead on an immediate tact, like talk, at once more delicate and straightforward than Blackmur will allow. This tact supplies its own, very unique form. Form is not predictable nor its own good.

In some of his later essays preoccupation with words and style lead Blackmur to wordiness and a Jamesian finickiness, like that which has vitiated Eliot's last two plays. This prone and speechless dialect clouds his discriminations and helps him in, say, the third essay on Stevens, to gnomic statements only tenuously connected with his subject. But the judgments are there, however clear or difficult, debatable or just. What matters in the end is the great mass of serious and independent criticism, of original thinking and passionate care, that has gone into this volume.

A. ALVAREZ

## The Art of Reticence

**The Way of My World.** By IVOR BROWN. *Collins.* 16*s.*

**Country and Calling.** By W. K. HANCOCK. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Autobiographies arrange themselves conveniently according to the author's frankness with his audience. At the one extreme are the statesmen's apologies, the great essays in circumspection. These are cold but fascinating. At the other, so far away as to belong to a different world, are the Boswellisers, the Rousseaus. Between the two lies the great central bloc, those who reconcile the claims of truth and dignity. Here in a safe and central position go these autobiographies by Ivor Brown and Sir Keith Hancock. They are not unlike one another. Both are scholars and humanists in the English manner. Both speak of the same training, hard learning, philosophies of moderation and endurance. They write about their personal lives unwillingly. This reticence, almost austerity, marks them with a family resemblance as products of the same age and system.

The curious defect in Ivor Brown's book is that he does not like writing about himself at all. All the other ingredients for successful autobiography are there, the distinguished career, the style at its most pointed, reminiscences, acquaintances, wise and sober reflections, the very best materials; but at the centre, in place of the autobiographical pleasure, something else, something constrained and negative and dry. The result is a book which is at its best when it avoids its main theme, and has about it often not the glow of recollection but a strange joyless atmosphere, the air of a task performed.

Read as a series of essays it is more rewarding, for then it is possible to pick and choose. In the early pages, descriptions of boyhood and education at Cheltenham and Balliol before the first world war, there are passages that manage to escape the censor and show how sensitive a study this could have been.

> I associate our first house, in Hampstead Hill Gardens, with red brick, a sooty garden, and a vague bewilderment as to how to get through the holidays; also with one heartbreaking mid-winter afternoon when I was waiting for an Oxford telegram to tell me that I had won a Balliol scholarship. No step in the street; no knock on the door; just "the dull droop of a December day" and silence.

Balliol, finally achieved, gives way to Fleet Street, to assignments for Lansbury's *Daily Herald*, criticism for the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Observer*. Here there are a crowd of colleagues and friends and some brilliant portraits: Agate and Lynd; A. B. Walkley, "a great quoter of Aristotle who could also relish a 'from-the-French' farce"; William Archer, "representing the *Star* with all the dignity and authority of the Ibsenite gospeller"; C. P. Scott and J. L. Garvin, the two contrasting editors. There are also scattered about the book some fine outbursts of dyspeptic eloquence in the Carlyle manner which deserve to be mentioned because they are so clearly among the most joyfully written pieces it contains.

These are among the pleasures; but on the whole it remains a puzzling and unpleasurable book. The personality it reveals is a critic's, compounded of two opposed elements, on the one hand a rich literary enthusiasm, on the other a dry caution, the negative spirit. And in the end the negative spirit prevails. The enthusiasm is there, but in some way it is uncommunicated or diverted into shallower channels. Love of literature becomes a love of words. There is much fine phrasing on the surface, but no inner life. "I have found the footpath way of my world to make good travelling," he says at the end. This is urbane and awakens echoes. But these were also the words of another great journalist-critic; and Hazlitt's "I have had a happy life" carries the real conviction.

Sir Keith Hancock is more expansive. He is an Australian and a historian and his story revolves about these two themes. A hard rider in the great educational steeplechase, he was schooled in Melbourne ("from the age of about ten I was gaining a reputation for cleverness by my performance in examinations, which offered me a chance of competitive success that I could not win in games"); from Melbourne he passed to the University of Western Australia as lecturer; from Perth to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. He was by this time, as he says, "a dreadfully purposeful young man," resolved to give Oxford the regulation three years only. As it turned out he won an All Souls Fellowship and was induced to stay one year more.

The outer form of his career from this point is a series of journeys between English and Australian university posts; a better way of describing it is in terms of his books. A student's holiday in Tuscany provides material for a work on the Risorgimento; back home from Oxford, he puts two years' thought into his volume on Australia; his real war work is a study of British war economy undertaken for the War Cabinet; a suggestion from Toynbee launches him on his great subject—the Commonwealth. Meanwhile, far in the background, the normal business of living has gone on; and at some point, it appears from the story, he marries, though it is never quite clear whom.

This too is a buttoned-up autobiography. But there are two reasons why I enjoyed it. First, for the ease and freshness of the writing. The prologue is set in his father's times, in the Australia of the Eighties, and some breath from this earlier, more vigorous world keeps the style direct, simple and alive. Secondly, because this is a scholar's book, not a book for the scholar, but one about the life of scholarship, its habits and manners. There is no glossing over the hardships, the intolerable drain on energy and concentration, the administrative drudgery, the frustrations and meanness of learned life in post-war England. But chiefly it is the scholar's joy that informs the book, that deep internal satisfaction that compensates for all its penury, *accidia* and social disregard, the belief that "there is no greater pleasure in life than the steady undistracted practice of a craft, particularly when the craftsman has in hand a task that will occupy him for years."

PERCY CRADOCK

## By Pindar's Fire

**Poems of Ben Jonson.** Edited by GEORGE BURKE JOHNSTON. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

> Come leave the loathed Stage . . .
> Leave things so prostitute,
> And take th'Alcaike Lute;
> Or thine owne Horace, or Anacreons Lyre;
> Warme thee by Pindars fire. . . .

We are not greatly encouraged by the preliminary matter supplied in this latest addition to the Muses' Library to suppose that Ben Jonson would in fact achieve much success as a non-dramatic poet. The editor reminds us of Mr. Eliot's judgment to the effect that the poetry has very little local life, and adds Swinburne's more picturesque way of saying the same thing:

> That singing power which answers in verse to the odour of a blossom, to the colouring of a picture, to the flavour of a fruit—that quality without which they may be good, commendable, admirable, but cannot be delightful—was not, it should seem, a natural gift of this great writer's. . . . Ben, as a rule—a rule which is proved by the exception—was one of the singers who could not sing.

And when we turn to the text and are confronted by the *Epigrammes* of 1616 we may feel that, although Swinburne, again, need not have called them "metrical emetics," Jonson was scarcely unjust to his own talent when he wrote:

> Martial, thou gav'st farre nobler Epigrammes
> To thy Domitian, than I can my James.

The majority of these small compositions are nothing if not poetry of statement (" Gut eats all day, and lechers all the night "; " Surly's old whore in her new silkes doth swim "; " Doing, a filthy pleasure is, and short ") and they are best when, as in the lines upon Inigo Jones, Jonson is skilfully adapting Martial himself. Indeed, the danger of applying a little scholarship to all Jonson's poetry consists in the stealing persuasion that his verse is good or bad according as to whether or not he is plagiarising deftly from the ancients. " You track him," as Dryden said, " every where in their Snow." " Come my Celia " and " Kisse me, sweet " are both from Catullus, and " Drinke to me, onely " turns out to be an ingenious synthesis of scattered passages in the prose *Epistles* of Philostratus.

Yet this is only a small part of the truth about Jonson's verse. As we read through the three collections from the Folios, the substantial body of ungathered poems, and the selection of lyrics from the plays and masques, all of which Professor Johnston has made compendiously available, we are aware of an abundant, powerful and most seminal talent. Jonson's historical importance in the general tradition of English poetry has always been somewhat neglected (perhaps because of his virtually isolated position in the development of our comedy), and his intrinsic merits have been obscured by the more brilliant achievement of Donne. Donne and Jonson were exact contemporaries, and there is a number of poems the authorship of which is still disputed between them. Reading such an epistle as " Wake, friend, from forth thy Lethargie," the casual reader will almost certainly be prompted to think of the greater poet; he will find *The Houreglasse* perfectly a " metaphysical " poem, and *A Hymne to God the Father* as close to George Herbert as is the song " Come, let us here enjoy the shade " to Marvell. Yet " Slow, slow, fresh fount " in *Cynthia's Revels*—a lyric not reproduced—and " Queene, and Huntresse " from the same play, are in what one thinks of as the purely " Elizabethan " manner. Mr. Johnston devotes the greater part of a substantial Introduction to an excellent, yet not wholly apposite, sketch of Jonson's life. A short expository essay in literary history, even if breaking little new ground, would have been of at least equal value in such a useful minor edition as is here given us.

J. I. M. STEWART

## The Home Beautiful

**The Tastemakers.** By RUSSELL LYNES. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s.*

" If refinement once creeps in among them, if they once learn to cling to the graces, the honours, the chivalry of life, then we shall say farewell to American equality, and welcome to European fellowship one of the finest countries of the earth." The concluding sentence of Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans* is quoted very early on in Mr. Lynes's most entertaining book. Mr. Lynes is one of the editors of *Harper's Magazine*, in which parts of his book first appeared; and that indicates the level at which he is writing and the nature of the work: lively, intelligent and though without any pretence to scholarship, founded on wide reading and considerable research. His book, it might be said, is first cousin to the late F. L. Allen's popular social history of recent years in the United States.

Mr. Lynes traces the influence on American taste of the first pioneers in applied aesthetics, the American counterparts of Ruskin, and of the first serious collectors of works of art. He shows the effect, continuous now for more than three generations, of the popular magazines devoted to the pursuit of the Home Beautiful, of the cinema, which he thinks does not so much make taste as present the *status quo* in taste, of advertising and of big business in its new, uneasy role of patron of the arts. *The Tastemakers* is rich in amusing details and facts. Calvin Coolidge, it seems, turned down six Cézannes which were offered to

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NEXT WEEK:
**Inside Russia**

Henri Cartier-Bresson, Frenchman, artist, and one of the world's most distinguished photographers, has just returned from the Soviet Union. In next week's Picture Post he presents "The Face of the People of Moscow," a collection of pictures that is a superb human document.

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the White House. The most popular reproduction sold by Sears, Roebuck of Chicago, the biggest retailers in the world, "is called 'Fiery Peaks.' It's a picture of the Cascade Mountains, either at sunset or sunrise, you can't tell which, and the sky is bright orange." He reports that one firm of drug manufacturers "bought portraits from a variety of well-known painters and ran them in advertisements with captions that indicated that the sitters might be harbouring diseases. A sombre portrait of a girl by Fletcher Martin, for example, carried under it the caption: 'Anaemia?'"

Mr. Lynes is bright, sensible and shrewd. His mind is naturally sceptical. How good, for instance, is his comment that "industrial designers must be experts in the clichés of taste." And he notes that every change in architecture, however violently different from those preceding it, from Ruskin to the Bauhaus, has based itself on identical moral values. The book is admirably illustrated.

WALTER ALLEN

# Extra Late Final

**The Journal of Katherine Mansfield:** Definitive Edition. Edited by J. MIDDLETON MURRY. *Constable.* 30*s.*

At the time of her death, Katherine Mansfield was known to the public as the author of three collections of short stories, two *contes*, and a number of sketches and studies, including some weekly novel-reviews in *The Athenæum*. Her cool, clear style, and the small scale of her work, established her as a rare minor writer, poignant but unmysterious—the creator, as H. M. Tomlinson put it, of "life reflected in a round mirror." In 1923 her husband, Mr. Middleton Murry, published *The Dove's Nest and Other Stories*, a posthumous collection which was later to seem like the "late extra" editions put out by the evening papers shortly before lunch. For in the same year appeared her *Poems*, and in the next *Something Childish and Other Stories*; while in 1927 came her *Journal*, followed two years later by her *Letters*, and in 1930 by *Novels and Novelists* and *The Aloe*. All added depths as well as highlights to her literary portrait, and the *Journal* in particular bespoke a *Weltschmerz* as heavy as W. N. P. Barbellion's, but not always as clearly explained. Its sudden cries of despair and anguish, together with the emerging details of her illness, helped to cast her as the lonely, dedicated artist, a kind of feminine Flaubert, labouring to bring her creations to birth. Only a few weeks ago she was celebrated in Paris as "*Un Oiseau des Iles.*" It is a myth that her husband's devotions have done much to foster, and which he has only lately come to correct.

ERIC LAMBERT

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**FREDERICK MULLER**

It was in 1939, tidying his affairs on account of illness, that Mr. Murry published *The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield*. This, while it overlapped a little with the *Journal*, included many passages which explained his wife's anguish in very human terms. She now seemed less an isolated, childlike mystic, more an impulsive, warm-hearted woman; and her relations with her husband seemed more real and more stormy than the aquatint idyll widely accepted hitherto. In 1951, Mr. Murry continued his *autocritique* with a full edition of the *Letters to John Middleton Murry*. This had literary as well as biographical interest: for the power and urgency of the *Letters*, unlike that of the completed stories, had not been sapped by a too meticulous revision. Published in their entirety, they formed a complex and passionate work of art—slight, perhaps, as a substitute for the novel that Katherine Mansfield might one day have written, but fine enough to justify Mr. Murry's exposure of their intimacy.

The definitive edition of the *Journal* marks the removal of yet another veil. The new volume includes all of the previous *Journal*, as much in order as possible, with many passages hitherto published only in the *Scrapbook*. Beyond these there are many additions, the longest of which come from the early journals which Katherine Mansfield kept from 1904 to 1910. These are surrounded by a certain mystery. Mr. Antony Alpers used them in his recent biography; but, while Mr. Murry's Preface is vague about their movements, his blurb complains that they were stolen from him fourteen years ago. Little of deep interest survives; but, as Mr. Murry remarks, "enough has emerged to explain her determination to destroy the record." The longest section is a colourful, rather literary account of the family caravan trip through the interior of the North Island: but there are also some moving fragments from her journey into Germany, expecting the child that was to be miscarried. "I wonder," she wrote, "when I shall sit and read aloud to my little son."

This was one of the subjects missing from the first edition of the *Journal*; and there are several more. It is not easy to collate the present volume with its predecessors, for none has an index, and the revisions, additions and rearrangements are not marked. But a close study reveals much that was misread or suppressed in 1927: and at times the differences are startling. At February 2, 1920, the first edition reads: "Love will win if only I can stick to it." For "Love" the new edition reads "Work." Another passage, from October 29, 1915, is now revealed as a passionate cry to her dead brother, and a repudiation of "Jack's" love. In the first edition, "Jack" was altered to "others," and the cry seemed to be addressed to him. Right at the end of the first edition came the words "All is well." "With these words," commented Mr. Murry, "Katherine Mansfield's Journal comes to a fitting close." His unctuous ambiguity must have been deliberate; for it now appears that the *Journal* ended a page or two later at the Gurdjieff Institute, with a list of words and phrases for which she sought the Russian equivalent—beginning with the pitiful statement: "I am cold." Such instances are typical as well as significant; but, however much one may decry the falsities of the first edition, it is hard to condemn Mr. Murry for having corrected them now. The new *Journal* will rank second only to the *Letters* among the testament of Katherine Mansfield. Perhaps the late night edition will bring us Mr. Murry's letters to her.

RICHARD MAYNE

# Crime and the Doctors

**The Roots of Crime.** Edited by SIR NORWOOD EAST. *Butterworth.* 30*s.*

Those who maintain that crime is a disease, wrote the late Sir Norwood East in this symposium of medical criminology, must accept the consequence that it is a disease at one time or place and not at another; "and it would seem that Parliament can add to the diseased population by making new prohibitions." He also "noted with concern, in some writings on psychological subjects, that psychiatric terms are grossly misused, and new mental disorders are audaciously invented by those who have no medical or psychiatric knowledge."

But who does maintain that crime is a disease? Clinical psychiatrists often do, says Dr. Desmond Curran in his contribution to the book, because (unlike him) they have never worked in the Prison Medical Service and, though they have therefore not seen many normal criminals, they know a substantial number of people who have committed offences. By way of showing how ill is the psychiatrist's current reputation as a witness in court, Dr. Curran discloses that solicitors tend not to call one for the defence unless he can say what they want him to say.

There is a long and fascinating essay in this book by Dr. John Mackwood, psychotherapist to Wormwood Scrubs Prison, on *Remedial and Educational Psychotherapy during Penal Detention.* One hopes that it may in some way come to the notice of the present Home Office Departmental Committee on Homosexuality and Prostitution; and one wishes, in particular, that widespread notice could be assured for what he says on page 109 about the invert:

> There is always some genetic factor involved, producing an anomaly perhaps comparable to colour-blindness rather than a sickness of the mind. These men do not know themselves to have been differently orientated in regard to their choice of a sexual object. . . . Neither punishment nor imprisonment can alter these cases, and it only makes them bitter to reflect that so many known cases are at large in civil life whilst they have been apprehended, often owing to the promiscuity of a partner who, when apprehended, *asks for all other cases to be taken into account lest he is charged subsequently for one of them.*

The words I have italicised lift a corner of the veil hiding a large number of hunted lives. But although there is no cure for such men, says Dr. Mackwood, even in prison they can be helped to adjust themselves to society. He ends one of his few quoted case-histories with this sobering thought for those who are at present maintaining that psychotherapy and imprisonment are hopelessly incompatible: "A case such as this would be very hard and long to treat in civilian practice, for it would not be easy to get him to admit the necessity for treatment and he would be likely to break off."

Dr. Peter Scott's "Clinical Contribution" reflects his years of practice at Maudsley Hospital and his quiet scrutiny of the countless spivs sent into his little office in the L.C.C. Remand Home at Shepherds Bush. He notices a lot of things. The twelve brilliant pages which he devotes to his merciless, and yet not unsympathetic, anatomy of spivvery are in themselves an unexpected and perhaps permanent testament to the social and entertainment value of the clinical psychiatrist.

C. H. ROLPH

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Newly added to the Everyman's Library are *The Moral Discourses of Epictetus* (translated and introduced by Elizabeth Carter); More's *Utopia*, and Hugh Walpole's *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*—Dent, 6*s.* each.

# New Novels

**Drinkers Of Darkness.** By GERALD HANLEY. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Royal Hunt.** By PIERRE MOINOT. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**We Are Utopia.** By STEFAN ANDRES. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Night Falls On Cape Horn.** By A. DE SAINT-LOUP. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Gerald Hanley is one of the white hopes of British post-war fiction. A clear and capable writer, powerfully equipped with imagination, vigour and technique, he made a smashing début with his first novel, *The Consul at Sunset*, and followed it up more than satisfactorily with *The Year Of The Lion*. His third book, *Drinkers Of Darkness*, though well worth reading, is not quite so good nor so original. It approaches, rather, the category of the didactic documentary, suffers from a lack of narrative focus. The setting is again East Africa, the period is 1937. The small group of ruling Whites in Mambango are planning their Christmas celebrations, including the dinner, which is going to be roast pork (sultry, and possibly tapewormy) and a native dance. All things go wrong. In the personal relations department there is an outbreak of sexual frustration: Amy Mooning, aged 38, more than a bit of a bitch but pathetic as bitches always are, becomes utterly fed up with her wet little husband and starts an affair with Plume; Mooning makes a fuss and there is a row. A nice, coarse friendly person named O'Riordan discovers he has cancer of the liver and drinks himself into insensibility. And the Africans kill an informer, stage a strike and develop the genesis of a Mau Mau movement, with an ideological base of pan-Africanism and witch-doctoring. The Whites are left apprehensive: "Peace was gone. . . . Something was gone for ever." The background, the acridness, the heat and the brutality, of which there is a good deal—all this is well done. Mr. Hanley can give you Africa on a plate—or can he? For I get the impression that this time he has been laying on the darkness a little thick. His characters, like shadow-forms in a curtained tropical interior, some equatorial bar at noon, have faded, absorbed by the prearranged situation. You remember them but as illustrations to a thesis: this is what Africa does to Whites and what Whites do to Africa.

Some of *The Royal Hunt*, an interesting French first novel which won the Prix Sainte-Beuve and has been nicely, if a little bit stiffly, translated by Miss Eithne Wilkins, is very good indeed, especially the descriptions of deer-stalking in the Vosges, where the modern poacher seems to be alarmingly savage. M. Moinot gets alpha plus for his conifers and flowers and alpha for his roebuck, wild boar and hounds, but his humans only just scrape through. Philippe, his hero, is too much of a psychological humour, all sportsman's ambivalence, and not enough of a character. Hélène Servance ("That's Haudrenne, the huge house where the Servance family have gone and buried themselves—the two women and a girl"), the very odd ninteen-year-old who falls wildly in love with him and does eventually succeed in detaching him, almost forcibly, from *la chasse* and his velvety quarries, has, by virtue of her eccentricity, a dash or so of personality, but not enough to go round. The trouble is that M. Moinot insists on injecting his story with some heavy doses of symbolism. There are moments when I suspect him of being under the pernicious influence of Giono, perhaps the most obfuscatory writer of all time. And the interpretation that Philippe goes stalking as a poor substitute for the dread savagery of sexual relations is one of those demi-Freudian over-simplifications that just don't make sense—as a week-end visit to a Scottish shooting-lodge will prove.

How ingenious, how dizzily expert are some of the modern Catholic literary propagandists; masters of doubt and equivocation; an old-fashioned bourgeois objectivist, like myself, cannot always tell which side they are on. (There is a story that Togliatti was complaining the other day: "Why can't our party writers do something as good as *Don Camillo*?" And the Agit. Prop Secretary of the C.P.I., Rome District, answered: "But Comrade Togliatti, surely *Don Camillo* is one of our leading cryptos?"). At a superficial first glance, plotwise, *We Are Utopia*, which is a long short story, may seem a hyper-ingenious specimen, but it does not stand up to scrutiny. A former priest is taken prisoner during the Spanish Civil War and confined in the monastery where he was once a religious inmate. He is thinking about escape when the lieutenant in command of the garrison, who is wracked with guilt about atrocities, begs for absolution. He absolves him; the lieutenant then suggests he give absolution to a number of other prisoners who are going to be shot. He absolves them, after refusing a very tentative offer from the lieutenant to save his life: "You save me! No man can save another. The most we can do is to spare each other . . ."—and is shot with them, feeling a twinge of guilt that he has not made any use of his chances of escape. It is all oddly unconvincing and, despite the preoccupation with death, somehow un-Spanish. The lieutenant is so base and craven that he hardly makes sense. I feel that all the roles have been rigged for propaganda purposes, as if by some cunning Catholic Ehrenburg. But, of course, if you enjoy a game of spiritual touch-last in the confessional this is just your book.

Interesting, salutary, yet infinitely depressing, *Night Falls On Cape Horn* is a historical and anthropological curiosity, really, rather than a novel. It tells, on the basis of much documentary research, the truly appalling story of the Wesleyan mission to the islands of Tierra del Fuego where the scene is all wind and desolation. The missionaries arrived in 1851. They displayed courage and self-sacrifice in face of every conceivable danger and hardship. But they so disrupted native ways of life and hygiene with their stupid puritanism that an epidemic of galloping tuberculosis wiped out almost completely three Patagonian tribes, the Onas, Yagans and Alakufs. M. de Saint-Loup is an awkward writer with a style like a carpenter's pencil on sandwich paper. He has not been helped by his translator. And, in a curious fit of perversity, he insists on condensing three or four real-life missionaries into one over-grotesque fictional character, Duncan MacIsaac, who marries an Ona princess while conducting a ghastly semi-erotic correspondence, with copious quotations from *The Song of Songs*, with the girl he left behind him. One would have preferred all fact. The missionaries, however, are given full credit for their misguided zeal; and the terrain, drearier than Siberia with that special Antarctic dreariness, and the Patagonians and their windswept cultures, are described in great detail.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

# SHORTER REVIEWS

**Dictionary of Last Words.** Compiled by EDWARD S. LE COMTE. *Philosophical Library, New York.*

"The present dictionary, easily the largest of its kind, alone in being documented, and the first to be published in this country since 1901 . . .": thus succinctly, the merits are stated. If the reader who goes on to trudge or skim through the hundreds of entries comes away disappointed, that is partly his fault and partly the compiler's. On the one side, there is a perhaps rather absurd hope for some conclusion where there can be none, or at least for a tendency, a point of view; on the other, impersonal method has been applied without common-sense. To take the last first. Mr. Le Comte has been right in admitting only such reported sayings as are fairly well authenticated; but, wrongly, he has limited his facts to the last words, the name of their speaker (or writer), and only so much circumstance as will explain the words (and sometimes not even that). What do these bare bones convey? "FIELD, Eugene (children's

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poet): Good-night." and "HUTCHINSON, Thomas (Royal Governor of Massachusetts): Help me!" illustrate the insignificance into which many of these items drop. It might have been a useful rule to admit only such as were remarkable either for the words uttered or for the character of the utterer; and wherever possible contributory details, age, date, place, nature of illness, etc., should have been added.

However, the reader will find rewards. Leigh Hunt's "I don't think I shall get over this" and Henry James's "So here it is at last, the distinguished thing!"; Liszt's "Tristan" and E. W. Scripps's "Too many cigars this evening, I guess"; Ibsen's reply to the remark that his condition was improving "Quite the contrary"; Joseph John Gurney's "I think I feel a little joyful, dearest"; Grieg's "Well, if it must be!" and Theodore Roosevelt's "Please put out the light."

### The Crucible. The Story of Dr. Joseph Priestley.
By John Graham Gillam. *Hale.* 21*s.*

A good life of Priestley has long been wanted, for in him so many aspects of the eighteenth century that usually exist in isolation are brought together. He was in many ways the fine flower of the Nonconformist academies whose contribution to education, at a time when neither the universities nor the public schools exactly sparkled with zeal for learning, has never been adequately recognised. One of the pioneers of modern chemistry he was, during his life in Birmingham, at the centre of the group of inventors, speculative philosophers and business men who, with their building of steam engines and manufacture of sulphuric acid, were playing so large a part in the creation of the Industrial Revolution. As a Unitarian theologian, he fired broadside after broadside at the Establishment and infidelity alike. As secretary and adviser to Shelburne, he had been for many years very close to the heart of the politics of the time, and when the French Revolution disrupted the Whigs he became Burke's leading antagonist in controversy in this country. In the end he became the symbol in the popular mind of whole-hearted sympathy with revolution: the mob burnt his house in Birmingham, and he was forced to flee the country and find refuge in the United States, the natural home for the fellow-traveller of his time.

Faced with such a figure, a biographer will be successful only if possessed of a combination of gifts and qualities not often found together. Mr. Gillam shows no signs of possessing it. He tells us, artlessly, that when demobilised he decided to write an historical novel and, being in Birmingham, chose Priestley as his subject. The result is precisely an artless historical novel rather than a biography. Mr. Gillam has obviously read widely in his subject, but he appears to have no notion of how to select from the mass of detail it presents. He not only knows the contents of Priestley's mind at any given moment, but he reconstructs page after page of laborious dialogue between his hero and his friends, dialogue based, he says, on "the memoirs and correspondence of the central characters." No doubt; but that does not make it any the more convincing. He makes no attempt to assess Priestley's importance in the history of science or the value of his contributions to theology. Perhaps this is not to be expected from a biographer who does not bother even to tell us when his subject died.

### An Essay on Racial Tension. By Philip Mason.
*Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

One of Mr. Mason's main themes is that the relations between a dominating and a dominated race pass through a cycle. At first, the rulers are often eager to "improve" their subjects, who being "still in a static society and accustomed to direction from above" are happy to accept protection. But before long new leaders emerge who visualise a future in which the two races draw closer, and within a short time the masses of the dominated race begin to "pass from a static to an open society and are eager for equality". It is at this stage that the attitude of the dominant race changes. Instead of preaching progress, it begins to idealise the primitive state from which, by its influence, the subject race is emerging, and learns to fabricate rationalisations as to why the *status quo* should be preserved. With all the paraphernalia of climatology, psychology and genetics the rulers try to show (and are shown up by Mr. Mason) their inherent superiority. In this sense racial tension can be thought of as a stabilising device by which a dominant race tries to preserve a particular form of relationship between itself and another group. According to Mr. Mason's analysis, the relationship of dominance as between Europeans and Asiatics has now been superseded because of technical and constitutional changes in the Far East, but it has been replaced by tension between Europeans and Africans, who have taken up the battle for equality. This struggle is likely to be fiercest when the subject race can most easily achieve the standards of the rulers, and where the initial difference of culture between the two was greatest. The most stringent stabilising devices are likely to have been introduced "where there is a temperate climate, where the dominant race lives permanently and where some of its members are daily-paid labourers, where the dominated race is primitive and the dominant race Northern with a non-liberal tradition. And in fact this proves to be the case. Only one territory fulfils all these conditions." But Kenya, the Rhodesias and the Southern area of the U.S.A. almost come within the same category.

This is a wise and valuable book, so clear and authoritative and so felicitously expressed that it should imperatively reach the right public. It would (and this is a compliment) do immense good to sixth-form schoolchildren, whose racial attitudes are fluid and who are still amenable to reason and generosity.

### The Trial of Craig and Bentley. Edited by H. Montgomery Hyde. *Hodge.* 15*s.*

"Editors of national newspapers," writes Mr. Montgomery Hyde in his long Introduction, "were deluged with a vast flow of indignant letters. But the judicial process was by then at an end. The Home Secretary had made his final decision and could not be deflected by a wave of mob hysteria." It is by such phrases that the diligent editors of the *Notable British Trials Series*, to whom we must all be grateful, usually declare their orthodoxy; the more surprising in Mr. Hyde, perhaps, because he has not, in general, treated the law of England as a sacred cow. The execution of the nineteen-year-old Derek Bentley, a wholly illiterate and slow-witted dustman, for the killing of a policeman by another boy at a moment when he himself had been in police custody for fifteen minutes, provoked a gasp of incredulity and horror throughout the country. People have not forgotten it and will not forget it. "I suppose they meant to make an example because it was a policeman" is the usual path of uneasy and helpless acquiescence.

But much of the criticism directed at the Home Secretary, and to a lesser extent at the Lord Chief Justice and the Court of Criminal Appeal, was informed and cogent; and there are already indications that Mr. E. J. Parris, in submitting that Craig was guilty of manslaughter rather than murder on the grounds that he was shooting merely to frighten, and doing it with a wildly defective weapon, may eventually come to be regarded as having correctly stated the law. The trial is certainly likely, as Mr. Hyde says, to "become a landmark in the annals of English criminal law"; and for that reason alone his full and careful presentation of all the evidence, the speeches and summing-up, the proceedings in the Court of Criminal Appeal, the famous House of Commons debate on the disallowed motion relating to the prerogative of mercy, and the Gowers Commission's statement of the Law of Murder, makes up the most valuable volume that has appeared in this long series for many years.

### The Book of Wallpaper. By E. A. Entwisle
*Barker.* 30*s.*

After the long reign of faint distemper, wallpaper has come back into its own. Mr. Entwisle, who is an enthusiast, asserts that it has never been "out"; but then he is not strong on the present century. He prefers affectionately handling the rich products of the past, and documenting them with their contemporary references. He traces the history of wallpaper with obvious knowledge but without, it must be admitted, much art or style, and his book falls

Company Meeting

MARTINS BANK LIMITED

MR. A. HAROLD BIBBY'S STATEMENT

PROSPERITY DEMANDS EXPORTS AT THE RIGHT PRICE

Mr. A. Harold Bibby, D.S.O., D.L., Chairman of Martins Bank Limited, in the course of his circulated statement to the shareholders said *inter alia*:—

The results for the year have again been satisfactory, our net profit at £918,477 being £98,556 higher than a year ago. In accordance with the forecast in my annual report in January last the interim dividend paid in July was raised to 8¾%, less income tax, and it is now proposed to pay 8¾%, less income tax, as a final dividend. The total dividend of 17½% for the year is the same as for the previous year.

Step by step we are moving towards economic freedom and the Government is to be congratulated on their many wise moves to this end.

The clouds of restrictions, controls and unbalanced economies are slowly dispersing and Martins Bank can take their full share of credit for the support that has been given in the restoration of the Cotton and Grain markets and in the setting up of the Fatstock Marketing Corporation.

The country is earning more, spending more and saving more than for years past; production is running at a high level and there are more people employed than ever before. With all this, inflation is under reasonable control so all the omens are favourable for the Chancellor, in his next Budget, to restore the incentives that would carry the country to an even higher level of prosperity.

The man in the street now appreciates that, unless we export sufficient to pay for necessary imports our standards of living will go to the winds. It is also appreciated fairly widely that while we can produce goods of the highest quality the price must be right.

Everyone wishes to see his own country's standards of living rise but this can only be brought about by doing more trade. So to raise or even maintain our present standards each one of us must collectively produce in value at least as much as we consume; further those standards are regulated solely on what our own labours earn in the international market. Those engaged in the export trade are the first to feel the impact when we are unable to sell our products abroad, but those engaged in the sheltered industries are equally responsible.

All this is understood by most of our trade union leaders, but only the more far-seeing and courageous try to drive it home to their members, hence the misunderstandings so largely responsible for industrial unrest.

STRONG TRADE UNIONS WELCOME

To-day every employer welcomes a strong trade union just as every trade union must welcome an association of employers with whom they can discuss their problems. The unofficial strike is their worst enemy and the foundation of collective bargaining crumbles when agreements freely negotiated are repudiated and a splinter union within the union tries to usurp their authority. This is damaging to the unions and the fault lies largely in that so many trade unionists will not take the trouble to attend their branch meetings, leaving the field clear for the agitator.

The interests of the employee and employer are one; both depend on making their industry prosperous to enable good pay packets to be earned, to make profits which will enable good dividends to attract fresh capital to the enterprise and to put aside sufficient reserves to ensure the replacement of worn-out machinery.

It would be more understandable if employees tabled complaints, should these three requirements not be fulfilled, on the grounds that the management, their fellow workers, or both, were not giving of their best. The more common practice of making excessive demands or resisting the introduction of modern machinery and methods can only result in pricing the products of their labour out of the international market.

If only these recognised truths could be brought home and acted on, an ever-rising degree of prosperity for all would be within reach.

## Company Meetings

# DISTRICT BANK LIMITED

The Chairman, Sir Thomas D. Barlow, G.B.E., has circulated, with the report and accounts, his statement to the shareholders of District Bank Ltd., prior to the 125th annual general meeting to be held on 11th February, at the Head Office, Spring Gardens, Manchester. In the course of his statement the Chairman said:—

On reference to the Balance Sheet it will be seen that Current, Deposit and other Accounts have again increased and are over £3 millions above the record figure of £251,000,000 shown the previous year. This upward movement is in keeping with the general trend of bank figures and is mainly due to the increase in industrial activity.

As might be expected, the larger resources and the rising tempo of business have been responsible for important changes in the composition of our assets. The total of the items, Cash, Money at call and short notice, and Bills of Exchange, is higher than at the close of 1953. Our holding of Treasury Bills, on the other hand, has been reduced, but notwithstanding this change our liquid position remains satisfactory.

For the second year in succession we have added to our Investments: most of our British Government Securities have a definite date of redemption and their market value is in excess of the figure shown in the Balance Sheet.

With our Advances at £65,000,000, we have more than regained the ground lost since the peak figure was reached in 1951 and it is satisfactory also to note that our average lendings have been higher than for the previous twelve months. Needless to say our lendings are made to a representative selection of industries and I am pleased to observe that, as always, we have been able to afford generous assistance to the various branches of agriculture.

An outstanding feature affecting both sides of our Balance Sheet is the substantially higher figure for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and other obligations. This reflects the increased activities of our Foreign Department, following further relaxations in Exchange Control and the less restricted use of sterling for trade. In particular the restoration of a free market for raw cotton has led to a marked expansion in the volume of import credits and to a much greater turnover in foreign exchange transactions, for both spot and forward delivery. Export credits, on the other hand, have remained fairly constant, but there has been an increase in the number of export bills for collection and negotiation.

We have added to Property Account since, with the easing of restrictions, the rebuilding and extension of premises have proceeded more rapidly. Our new branch at Newcastle upon Tyne was duly opened last November and, as the alterations at Derby are now nearing completion, it is anticipated that we shall commence business there within the next month or two.

With a lower level of interest rates operating last year we derived less income from our money market resources. Then the maintenance of our properties and higher running costs have caused the trend of expenses to remain upwards. Against this we have been able to employ a higher proportion of our funds in the more remunerative items, Investments and Advances, with the result that we show an increase of £29,119 in Net Profit as compared with the previous year. After making the usual provisions this amounts to £588,863 and, including the sum brought forward, there is for disposal £932,941. Of this we propose to allocate £200,000 to our General Reserve and, after providing the amount required for payment of the higher dividend established last year on the "A" and "C" shares and the maximum dividend on the "B" shares, there remains the sum of £422,914 to be carried forward to the next account.

As in other years, our progress has been made possible by the good work performed by both management and staff, and in appreciation of this I should like to express my sincere thanks to all concerned.

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# BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

## A YEAR OF GREAT ACTIVITY

The Annual General Meeting for the year 1955 of the Stockholders of Barclays Bank, Ltd., will be held on February 10th at the Head Office, 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman, Mr. Anthony William Tuke:—

In the business world in this country it has been a year of great activity, though there have been no spectacular events, if we except the recent revelation of the progress which has been made since the war in the application of the principles of atomic energy to peaceful uses: progress which may, for all that we can foresee today, be the forerunner of a second Industrial Revolution. We have seen no strokes of genius by Governmental or other authorities in home affairs, but more controls have been removed, and industry and commerce have further demonstrated their power to expand when left alone. Even the most obstinate Bourbons must surely see that life in this country has become more agreeable in the last few years, even if it is a little more expensive.

Some anxiety has been expressed in recent weeks about the possible recurrence of inflation, of which there is always a danger at a time of very full employment. Without doubt much of the expansion of the supply of money in the past year has been required by higher production and by the increase in our reserves of gold and dollars. There is in fact no economic barometer for the exact measurement of inflationary pressure. There are certain symptoms by which danger can be recognised, such as rising prices, especially of raw materials and wholesale goods; shortages in the shops and delays in deliveries; a rapid and continuous deterioration in our balance of trade; in fact, an excess of demand over supply in any field. With the important exception of the labour market and possibly of the Stock Exchange, it cannot be said at the moment that any of these dangerous symptoms is apparent, and even in the labour market the pressure is by no means uniform throughout the United Kingdom. There are certain places where the supply still exceeds the demand, notably in Northern Ireland, where several subsidiary factories have already been set up by English Industrialists with encouragement from the Government. There is, however, a general feeling that danger is not far below the surface, and if this is a correct diagnosis the "good" Budget which is so confidently anticipated on all sides may prove after all to have been a mirage.

The continued increase in our prosperity throughout last year was the more remarkable in the face of a distinct recession of business turnover in the United States of America, a phenomenon which might have been expected to provoke serious reactions in this country. In fact, we took it in our stride, even if no one can say quite how we managed it. In economic forecasting the only thing that seems certain is its uncertainty. It is, I believe, all a question of confidence.

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# NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK

## Limited

### Country's Greater Prosperity

The 122nd annual general meeting of National Provincial Bank Limited will be held on February 10th in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman (D. J. Robarts, Esq.):—

The profit and loss account shows a net profit for the year of £1,827,044 compared with £1,765,768 for 1953. Together with the amount brought in of £815,909, there is a balance for disposal of £2,642,953. An interim dividend of 8½ per cent has been paid, taking £443,163, leaving available £2,199,790. It is proposed to deal with this balance as follows: To pay a final dividend of 9½ per cent, taking £495,299, and to appropriate to Reserve Funds £1,000,000, which will leave £704,491 to be carried forward. The proposed final dividend of 9½ per cent makes, with the interim of 8½ per cent, a total dividend of 18 per cent in respect of the year 1954. These payments restore the rate of dividend to that paid during the years 1925 to 1930.

The country has been enjoying a period of great prosperity. For the satisfactory state of the economy the Chancellor of the Exchequer is entitled to much credit, but there are certain unsatisfactory features which cannot be ignored. The fall in the internal purchasing power of the pound has not been arrested; only slowed up. Of course it can be argued that such a decline is only a small price to pay for full production, full employment and freer trading conditions. From this it is but a step towards accepting the comfortable doctrine that we can afford a mild degree of inflation each year so long as production increases.

In the first place, such a policy—one of tolerating, or even deliberately engendering, a yearly dose of inflation—is only possible for a country placed as Great Britain is, if the rest of the world is doing much the same. Otherwise our exports will sooner or later price themselves out of the market, with consequent unemployment, or our currency will have to be devalued again in order to maintain the balance of payments. Secondly, it presupposes a yearly battle for increased wages always fought and lost on the issue of trying to restore the standards of the workers, instead of that of raising productivity. Thirdly, unless prices can be kept reasonably stable, the cost of the social services must constantly be increased, with consequent threats to the solvency of the national insurance scheme or of the national budget.

I do not suggest that the present situation is one that gives rise to immediate alarm; but the long-term implications are disturbing. Nor is there any easy solution at hand. A state can only achieve financial stability in the same way as an individual can—by the exercise of a certain amount of discipline—and discipline is a question of patient education and example.

During 1954 progress has been made towards the goal of convertibility of sterling, but convertibility cannot be restored until general confidence in the stability of sterling has been firmly re-established, and this, in turn, will depend on the evidence that the British Government and British people are determined to maintain it.

Now is the time to put forward our greatest efforts not only to recover more of the ground lost because of the war but also to provide for those occasions in the future, when assuredly the economic tide will not be running so strongly in our favour. We do not want to be regretting in a few years' time that we did not take fuller advantage of the fat years to provide for the lean.

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pretty squarely between the stools of a popular account and scholarly history. Still, it covers the ground, and its illustrations are a delight.

The superb masterpieces of the craft excite a nostalgic envy for the grandeur which could accommodate them, the rich crimson "flocks," and the decorative panels, delicately Chinese or elegantly French. As the centuries advance rooms shrink, and florals proliferate into greater and greater vulgarity, almost wholly by-passing the artistry of William Morris (undervalued here). Not that pictorial narrative is quite dead—Sikhs and Elephants sprawl across one paper celebrating the visit of the Prince of Wales to India (1875) and the great Mother-Empress herself sits sternly watching us from the centre of another. Passing through the hardly regardable Edwardians, we come to the plain abstracts of the contemporary designs for flat dwellers. But the account stops before it can chronicle the present move away from geometric austerity.

## Week-end Competition

### No. 1,300

**Set by Peter Pastmaster**

Parliament reassembles on Tuesday. The usual prizes are offered for a professional grouse in rhyming dialogue by two back-benchers. Limit, 16 lines. Entries by February 1.

## Result of No. 1,297

**Set by Tom Bowling**

Browning, it is alleged, opened his poetic account with the lines:

> Good people all, who wish to see
> A boy take physic—look at me!

Competitors are asked to try their hand at similarly revealing first couplets by Blake, Donne, Milton, Tennyson, Hardy, Kipling, Auden or T. S. Eliot.

**Report**

Few competitors could resist trying more than one poet, and I quote as many couplets as possible from a high-quality entry. What I looked for were suggestions of the poet's characteristic attitudes, tastes or obsessions, a hint of his tone of voice, rather than his mature style. So parody of later work was strictly excluded, and lines like P. M.'s Tennyson—

> Now gushes forth the hot, and now the cold—

or Lakon's

> Shall I wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled?
> I will ask, and may be do as I am told—

were discarded as, though witty, wide of the mark. Peeps into the future were also disallowed —*e.g.*, Joan Bowers's agreeable Eliot—

> Here am I, a new boy in a dull age.
> Shall I up-end the Georgians, or end up a Sage?—

for the Georgians had not yet got going when Master Eliot took pen in hand. First prize of three guineas goes to Little Billee who scores winners with at least six out of eight. I give his entry in full. Prizes of a guinea each—clearly it is a week to draw on reserves of prize-money—go to the five asterisked below.

*Blake:* I saw three angels on Peckham Rye,
But father and mother called it a lie.
*Donne:* Naughty old God! Why won't you let me do
The things that I have always wanted to?
*Milton:* Sing, Muse, of Christmas cates, unequalled since,
Marchpane, or mellipast, or pies of mince.
*Tennyson:* I hear the pigeons cooing in the trees,
And humming of uncounted swarms of bees.
*Hardy:* Often I'm ready to sit down and cry
That sad things happen and I don't know why.
*Kipling:* It's Ruddy this, and Ruddy that, and "Ruddy, go upstairs!"
But it's "Dearest, you're an angel!" when I kneel to say my prayers.
*Auden:* Boys by their parents are betrayed,
And sent to schools where fools are made.
*Eliot:* A poem's hard to write, for every word
Means something different after it is heard.

LITTLE BILLEE

BLAKE

As all my wondrous frame I see,
I wonder how I came to be
(H. A. C. Evans).

*My mother's name is Mrs. Blake,
And she has made this angel-cake. (Ongar)

I talked with an angel last Saturday night,
He gave me a pen, and told me to write
(W. J. Halliday)

MILTON

I doe my best who wish to proue
Full worthy of a Fader's loue (L. G. Udall)

Common indeed *sacerdos*, common *dux*,
*Vates* is sacred, commonest *conjux*.
(W. J. Halliday)

*Men are strong and women are weak;
I've read it in Hebrew, in Latin, and Greek.
(Vera Telfer)

*I, when I write of sin and sinning,
Mean to begin at the beginning.
(Leslie Johnson)

Hence, loathèd playtime; pray sir, give me leave
To read once more of *Adam* and of *Eve*.
(Stanley J. Sharpless)

HARDY

I've cut my finger with a knife.
That's life. (Stanley J. Sharpless)

The Power above has brought me to a stop,
Having ordained that I should lose my top.
(Leslie Johnson)

*Why must I, little wakefulness-quitter,
Query, o star, the cause of thy glitter?
(Edward Blishen)

Unwrought in my romping, it lies, poor toy!
Thus brief, soon-broken, is every joy?
(Edward Blishen)

KIPLING

Sulk not, ye Soldiers of the Queen, unsung.
*They'll* come to attention when I give tongue.
(John Brown)

TENNYSON

Bumble bees are busy buzzling, sweet as syrup is the scent
Of the roses. I am writing verses to my heart's content. (Alberick)

AUDEN

The cybernetic stallion fertilises
Mares whose nests are now the children's prizes.
(Jim Parrott)

T. S. ELIOT

*My mother says I never should
Fool about in the sacred wood.
(Stanley J. Sharpless)

## CHESS

### No. 277: Calling all Concoctors

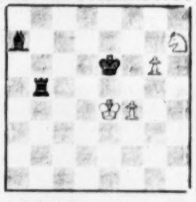
In the very first of these columns and in the first competition ever sprung on my patient readers, I invited them to concoct an imaginary game in which a Mr. Dash properly punished a Mr. Snatch for grabbing the QP, the QBP and the QKtP in a Danish gambit, and for trying to hold on to his ill-gotten gains because, evidently, he was too stingy for some sensible positional counter-sacrifice such as a timely P-Q4.

From *Lasker's New York Chess Magazine*—some of the most interesting chess literature in the first decade of the century and now almost a bibliophilic rarity—I have just been delighted to learn that I had a predecessor: the *Hampstead & Highgate Express*, nearly fifty years ago, ran a competition for an imaginary game. The judge was I. Gunsberg, and the prize went to E. Dale of Sheffield, champion of Yorkshire. He concocted this neat little game which is not without some theoretical value for a certain Ruy Lopez variation which, in those days, happened to be very fashionable.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K4 | (12) | Kt-Q4 | B-R3 |
| (2) | Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | (13) | Q-Kt4 | Q-B1 |
| (3) | B-Kt5 | Kt-B3 | (14) | B-R6 | B-B1 |
| (4) | O-O | Kt x P | (15) | Kt-B5 | Kt-K3 |
| (5) | P-Q4 | B-K2 | (16) | Kt-K4 | K-R1 |
| (6) | Q-K2 | Kt-Q3 | (17) | Kt-B6 | P x Kt |
| (7) | B x Kt | KtP x B | (18) | P x P | B x B |
| (8) | P x P | Kt-Kt2 | (19) | Kt x B | R-B1 |
| (9) | Kt-B3 | O-O | (20) | Q-Kt8ch | R x Q |
| (10) | R-K1 | R-K1 | (21) | KtxP mate | |
| (11) | R-Q1 | Kt-B4 | | | |

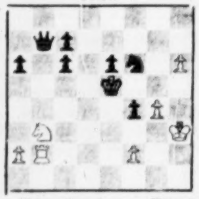
Since it may be fun for competitors to do some more concocting of their own we might as well combine business and pleasure by making it serve a useful purpose. Several readers have suggested that, from time to time, I should deal with the gist of various openings. Very well, let's take the French Defence as far as (1) P-K4, P-K3. (2) P-Q4, P-Q4. (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3. (4) B-Kt5, B-K2. (5) P-K5, KKt-Q2. Every tyro knows that in the "closed" lines of the French it is imperative for Black to play P-QB4 as soon as possible. Let us prove it by concocting a game in which Black omits that move, vital for attacking the opponent's centre and getting some breathing space on his own Q-wing. Apart from that one fatal omission Black is to make reasonably good, certainly no ludicrously bad, moves; even so, he is to suffocate ingloriously and deservedly by no more than 25 moves. I offer a special prize of a guinea chessbook-token for the best concoction to reach me by February 7.

**A:** Frau Teschner 1954

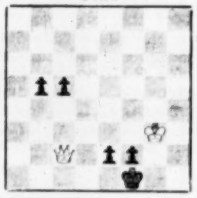


The 4-pointer is a position reached by Frau Teschner in a game in which her famous husband had given her R and move. She resigned, whereupon the Herr *Schachmeister* told the Frau Schachmeister how she could have drawn. How could she! And how, indeed, *could* she draw? **B** and **C** are both wins and worth the usual 6 and 7 ladder-points. **B**, of course, is one of the classics, **C** quite a subtle little beauty.

**B:** Henri Rinck
1908



**C:** Johannes Behting
1908



Usual prizes. Entries by Jan. 31.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

### No. 274. Set January 1

A: (1) Q-B8 ch, Kt x Q, (2) B x Kt ch, Q-K2, (3) R(4) x P ch, B x R, (4) R x QBP ch, Kt x R, (5) Kt-K4 mate.

B: (1) R-B5 ch, K-K5, (2) R-K1 ch, K-B6, (3) Q-B3 ch, R-Q6, (4) R-B5 ch, P x R, (5) Kt-Kt5 ch, P x Kt, (6) Kt-R4 ch, P x Kt, (7) R-K3 ch, R x R, (8) Q x R ch, B x Q mate.

C: (1) B-B2, Kt-B2, (2) R-QR1, Kt x P, (3) R-KR8, Kt any, mate. If (1) . . . Kt-Kt3, (2) R-R5 ch, Kt-K4, (3) R-QR1, Kt any, mate. If (1) . . . P queens, (2) P x Kt(Q!) etc. If (1) . . . P-R8(R), (2) P x Kt(R!) etc. If (1) . . . P-R8(B), (2) P x Kt (B!) etc., if (1) . . . P-R8(Kt), (2) P x Kt (Kt!) etc.

Many competitors failed to see all the subtleties of **C**. Prizes shared by: E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, C. J. Morse, and A. Schneider.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3*s*. 6*d*., postage 3*d*. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

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LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

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## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

NEWEST county magazine—"Middlesex Quarterly & London County Review." Well-illustrated features by noted writers. Ann. sub. 6s. Specimen 1s. 6*d*.: 11 Blaydon Close, Ruislip, Middx.

THE second edition of "The Press and the People," the first annual report of the General Council of the Press, is now obtainable at 1s. 3*d*. including postage from the Council's Offices, 1 Bell Yard, Fleet St., London, W.C.2.

MARGARET Knight writes on Æsthetic Experience and the Problem of Evil in "The Rationalist Annual, 1955." Obtainable from all booksellers, priced 2*s*. 6*d*. Further details from Watts & Co., 5 & 6 Johnson's Court, London, E.C.4

WHAT it feels like to be "Colour-barred" is authentically described by a Nigerian worker living in Yorkshire, in the January "Labour Monthly" 1s. 6*d*. all agents, postal subs. 9s. half-year from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

ISRAEL'S Young Writers (prose and verse) are published for the first time in English translation (in a selection from the works of 14 authors) in the Winter Issue of The Jewish Quarterly. 2*s*. 6*d*. From: Jewish Literary Publications, 59-61 Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

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HOMOSEXUALITY: Every adult should read The Nature of Man, Deighton Bell, Cambridge. 7½*d*. post free.

THE Book Club for Serious Readers, Germaine's, 16 Lilliput Rd., Romford.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription, also technical and scientific books. All British publications supplied. Sibley-Field Publishing Co., Ltd., 48 London Wall, London, E.C.2.

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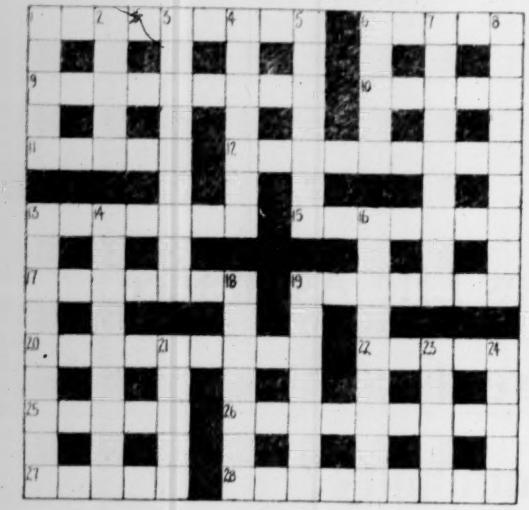
## Week-end Crossword No. 136

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 136, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Feb. 1.*



ACROSS

1. Brave the wolves with beauty treatment (9).
6. International artist and film director (5).
9. Correspondence for the I.T.A.? (9).
10. "Retirement, —— quiet, friendship, books" (Thomson) (5).
11. In general if we look back we have everything before us (5).
12. A change of sides perhaps contains the clue to the formation of a dynasty (9).
13. Egyptian keystone? (7).
15. In taste I am a benefactor (7)
17. Yes in Italy a famous Communist is in the punishment zone (7).
19. A miscellany of poems about New York; they have things named after them (7).
20. A dog caught a little animal for a wealthy master (9).
22. With experiment this valley could become industrial (5).
25. Have a view with no tree in it (5).
26. Beat or match in taste (9).
27. One scrap starts another (5).
28. Discrimination in the organisation of the hit parade (9).

DOWN

1. Keys for the apartments (5).
2. In naked surroundings this is a gondolier's song (5).
3. Bill holds a letter from a scribbler (9).
4. Sales block (7).
5. Walks for a street-car? (7).
6. Place in a comic or funny paper (5).
7. Minors suffer an alteration in wages; what niggardliness! (9).
8. These ornaments add glories to a piano (9).
13. Four ports reconstructed and rendered free from the dangers of idleness (9).
14. Including the Conservative born with money coming in to celebrate (9).
16. Bower (9).
18. Roman who has a hold on father (7).
19. Pictures tell a story, and she is in it (7).
21. It is apparent there is no vessel or we would have to capsize (5).
23. Bird has date with debauchee (5).
24. Pay out like an editor without an expression of hesitation (5).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 134*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S | A | P | P | E | R | ■ | ■ | ■ | S | P | I | D | E | R |
| C | ■ | A | ■ | A | ■ | T | ■ | R | ■ | U | ■ | O | ■ | E |
| R | O | T | O | R | ■ | R | E | E | F | K | N | O | T | S |
| I | ■ | A | ■ | L | ■ | A | ■ | I | ■ | K | ■ | N | ■ | U |
| B | O | G | E | Y | ■ | N | O | N | P | A | R | E | I | L |
| E | ■ | O | ■ | B | ■ | S | ■ | C | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | T |
| ■ | A | N | T | I | M | A | C | A | S | S | A | R | S | ■ |
| ■ | ■ | I | ■ | R | ■ | T | ■ | R | ■ | A | ■ | E | ■ | ■ |
| ■ | D | A | D | D | Y | L | O | N | G | L | E | G | S | ■ |
| W | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | A | ■ | A | ■ | T | ■ | I | ■ | N |
| E | S | T | A | M | I | N | E | T | ■ | P | A | S | T | E |
| A | ■ | U | ■ | I | ■ | T | ■ | I | ■ | E | ■ | T | ■ | V |
| V | A | L | E | N | T | I | N | O | ■ | T | H | E | T | A |
| E | ■ | I | ■ | C | ■ | C | ■ | N | ■ | R | ■ | R | ■ | D |
| R | I | P | P | E | R | ■ | ■ | ■ | P | E | R | S | I | A |

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 134

*Miss G. M. Wilson (Coalville), Dr. A. L. Wyman (London, W.6), A. Hock (Stockport).*

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### APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

CANBERRA University College. Applications are invited for appointment to the Robert Garran Chair of Law, and the Chairs of Mathematics, Philosophy and Psychology. Applications are also invited for appointment to the vacant posts of Senior Lecturer in Classics, Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Economic History, Senior Lecturer in Political Science (Public Administration), Lecturer in English, Lecturer in Mathematics, Lecturer in French, and Lecturer in Statistics (in the Department of Economics). Salary ranges are: Professors £A2,498 p.a.; Senior Lecturers £A1,498-£A1,748 p.a.; Lecturers £A1,098-£A1,448 p.a. (including a cost of living adjustment at present £A198 p.a.). Commencing point within the range will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the applicant. Further particulars, conditions of appointment, and the summary form which must accompany applications may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, or from the undersigned. Applications close, in Australia and London, February 28, 1955. T. M. Owen, Registrar, Canberra University College, Canberra, A.C.T., Australia.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in Psychology. Preference will be given to candidates with interests and experience in Clinical Psychology. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,100-£A1,450 per annum, for a Senior Lecturer £A1,500-£A1,750 per annum, with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is February 26, 1955.

HOSPITAL Management Committee No. 10 —Wakefield "B" Group, Stanley Royd Hospital, Wakefield. Applications invited for the post of Mental Health Social Worker at above Hospital. Candidates should have wide experience of social work among mentally sick people and, preferably, possess a social science qualification and have had at least five years' experience of responsible mental health social work. The Department which has an establishment of two Psychiatric Social Workers is under the charge of a Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary scale £395 × £15 to £530 per annum. Written applications giving full personal particulars and details of qualifications, experience, etc., together with two names and addresses for reference to be addressed to the undersigned. W. Bowring, Group Secretary, Victoria Chambers, Wood Street, Wakefield.

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LONDON County Council. New County Secondary School at Putney Park Lane, S.W.15. Headmaster or headmistress required for this new comprehensive secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls with 13 form entry, opening in September, 1956, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning in September, 1955. It is expected that two existing secondary schools, one for boys and one for girls, providing five-year courses, will be transferred to the new school. Courses will include some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels), and some in preparation for advanced courses in needlecraft, catering and commerce; there will also be general crafts and engineering courses. There will be a deputy headmaster or headmistress with a substantial special allowance and adequate provision for other special allowance posts. The headmaster or headmistress will have the assistance of a full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. On the basis of the provision in the 1954 Burnham Report, the head teacher allowance will be approximately £960 (headmaster) or £845 (headmistress), making the maximum total salary, including other appropriate Burnham allowances, about £1,850 (headmaster) or £1,575 (headmistress). Apply on form EO/TS 10/Putney Park, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO/TS 10), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (Persons who have recently completed a similar form may apply on form EO/TS 10B). Closing date January 28, 1955. (15.)

B.B.C.—The British Broadcasting Corporation proposes to recruit a limited number of men of high University or equivalent standard aged 21-25 inclusive with a view to appointment after about 2 years' training to the non-engineering staff in one of the broadcasting fields (Sound or Television) of Programme Production and Planning, Editorial work, or Administration. Applicants may obtain further particulars and application forms by calling at their University Appointments Boards or Committees or by writing (enclosing an addressed envelope and quoting reference "545a N.Stm.") to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The last day for receipt of completed applications is March 31.

B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Glasgow. Duties largely concerned with Scottish contributions to Television News and Newsreel but also include sub-editing for Scottish News Bulletin and supplying material for other B.B.C. news services. Wide journalistic training, broad general interests and sound knowledge of Scotland and Scottish affairs essential. Experience of visual presentation of news and ability to drive a car desirable. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "656 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within 5 days.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Yorkshire North District. Organising Tutor required for the Pickering-Bridlington-Whitby area of Yorkshire. Salary scale £550-£800. Starting salary according to age, qualifications, etc. Superannuation scheme. Applicants should be graduates with organising ability and able to conduct classes in one or more of the subjects appropriate to liberal adult education. Further details and application form from G. F. Sedgwick, Blenheim Institute, Blackman Lane, Leeds, 2.

### APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Cardiff. Duties primarily concern Television News and Newsreel but also include reporting for Sound Radio and will involve irregular hours and considerable travel. Good microphone voice and comprehensive knowledge of Welsh affairs essential. Knowledge of film production an advantage. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "655 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

THE Family Welfare Association invites applications from trained social workers, men or women, interested in the problems of coloured people in London. The vacancies will be (1) consultant; (2) family caseworker; (3) Citizens' Advice Bureau worker. University degree or diploma in social studies essential with London experience plus some knowledge of W. Indian culture and problems. A three year project is envisaged; salaries will range from £350 - £500 p.a., according to experience. Application to be made in writing to The General Secretary, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, S.W.1.

ASSISTANT Editor required for international voluntary organisation with headquarters in Geneva. Candidates should have degree in social science and/or psychology, with experience in child welfare. Good working knowledge of French essential. Salary 9,600-12,000 Swiss francs per annum according to qualifications and exper. Box 3728.

MALE Social Leaders (under 35, single) required for Family Holiday Camp (not licensed) on East Coast. Organising ability. Interested in people, outdoor activities, old time dancing, children, etc. Good mixers. Box 3756.

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### APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PUBLIC Relations consultancy seeks secretary assistant to Information Officer. Applicants should, apart from sh./typing qual., have an all-round knowledge of current affairs and be interested in proceedings of press and Parliament. 'Phone HYDe Park 9026 or write Box 3898.

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### PERSONAL—continued

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EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Cocteau Season until Jan. 23: "L'Eternel Retour" (A). From Jan. 24: "Les Parents Terribles" (A).

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"LOS Olvidados" next prog. Hammersmith Film Soc. Membership and guest tickets (2s. 6d.) from Town Hall. RIV. 6011.

LEWISHAM Film Society. HIT. 5422. Unitarian Church, next Central Library. Sat., Jan. 22, 7.15. "Council of the Gods."

INDIA Film Society, 47 Strand, W.C.2 presents a Gala Performance of "Boot Polish" under the Patronage of Her Excellency High Commissioner for India. Scala Theatre. Feb. 1, at 7 p.m. Membership 10s.

ASIAN Music Circle (President Yehudi Menuhin): Music of India-Pakistan. Raga Bihag and Films, Fri., Jan. 28, 8 p.m. Jt. Mtg. with I.S.U. at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W.1. Adm. Mem. 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Future progr. of Music of Israel, Iran, Philippines and Vietnam. Ann. Mem. minimum 7s. 6d., students 2s. 6d. Full inf. from Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. FIN. 2934.

HOLIDAY enthusiasts are invited to a "Travel Film Show & Travel Forum," Feb. 1, 7-10 p.m., Chelsea Town Hall, King's Rd., S.W.3, **entrance free**; also to an "Italian Festa" (Carnival Dance), Feb. 11, 8-midnight. De Vere Hotel, Kensington Rd., W.8. Tickets 8s. 6d. Tickets for both events from Erna Low Travel Service, 47 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

EAST Willesden Labour Party. Annual Dance. Anson Hall, Chichele Road, N.W.2 (off Cricklewood Broadway). Saturday, January 22, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d. Refreshments available.

I.C.A.: Dancing to Dave Stevens and his Trio, Sat., Jan. 22, 8-11, Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., Guests 5s. Membership invited.

## CONCERTS

CECIL Aronowitz and Celia Arieli in a Recital of Viola & Piano Sonatas by Dittersdorf, Brahms, John Joubert (1st perf.), Schubert. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

VOICES for Peace, including those of Peter Pears (accompanied Alan Bush), A. L. Lloyd, Beatrix Lehmann, Peter Copley, etc., with Frank Merrick (piano), will be heard at St. Pancras Town Hall on Sunday, Jan. 30, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. at door or in advance from K. Rowe, 108 Sebert Rd., E.7. Org. by Joint Cttee., Arts & Sciences for Peace.

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Wed., January 26, 8 p.m. Alfred Deller, G. English, N. Platt, Choir, Orchestra. Cond. W. Bergmann. Works by Blow, Purcell, Telemann, etc.

THE Mewton-Wood Memorial Concert will take place in the Wigmore Hall, Fri. Jan 28 at 7.30. Tickets bought for Dec. 4 should be used. A few tickets are on sale at Hall. WEL. 2141.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED announces publication of new Turnstile print "La Route Tournante", Cézanne. 21¼in × 26in. £2 5s. & 10s. 8d. tax.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With," Granada, Slough, until Jan. 30. Admission free.

CHILDREN'S Art from India, Pakistan, Ceylon. Imperial Institute, Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. Daily 10-4.30. Sundays 2.30-6. Until February 10. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Eight Young British Painters.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Richard Hamilton, Paintings. Till Feb. 4.

YOUNG Contemporaries, Exhib. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Jan. 19-Feb. 5.

REDFERN Gallery, 26 Cork Street, W.1. "Nine Abstract Artists" and Recent Watercolours by Elsa Vaudrey. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Jan. 29.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Francis Bacon—A selection of paintings. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6. Sat. until 5. Closed Sun. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture. 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

DAVID Jones. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 30. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. New Year Exhibition—an annual event. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until Feb. 1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Sculpture, Drawings & Engravings by Geoffrey Clarke, Collages by Austin Cooper.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Rd., Kensington, W.14. Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by A. D. Peppercorn, 1847-1924. Jan. 30-31. Weekdays 11 a.m.-7 p.m. (Sats. to 5 p.m.). Admission free.

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Show Window of Italian Contemporary Art: 2nd Exhibition, 9 painters. Dec. 30-Jan. 29. Mon-Fri. 10-1, 2.30-7; Sat. 10-1. Admission free.

ARTS Council Collection. A selection of paintings, drawings and sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Feb. 5, weekdays 10-6 (Weds., 10-8). Admission free.

GEORGE Morland. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings. Tate Gallery. Closes Jan. 30. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thur. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Benatov Retrospective Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30. Until Feb. 12.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Millichip. 11-5.30 daily.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Contemporary British Artists. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Rd., N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth; The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON Society of Jews & Christians. The Rev. W. A. L. Elmslie, M.A, D.D., & Dr. Leon Roth, M.A., D.Phil., F.B.A., will speak on "The Significance of Biblical Prophecy for Our Time" on Wed., January 26, at 8.15 p.m. at King's Weigh Church Hall, Binney St. (almost opposite Selfridges), Oxford St., W.1. The Rev. Claud Coltman, M.A., B.Litt., in the Chair. All are welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Mr. A. E. Oram: "Do We Need a Ministry of Consumers' Welfare?" Wed., Jan. 26, 7.30. St. Anne's Hse., 57 Dean St. W.1. Vis. 2s.

FLEET St. discusses China—What Is It Really Like? James Cameron (News Chronicle) & Sam Russell (Daily Worker). Basil Davidson (Daily Herald): Chairman. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Mon., Jan. 24, 7.30. Tkts. 1s. from Brit.-China F'ship. Assn., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. and at door.

"PEACEFUL? Co-existence?" Lecture by Michael Padev advertised for Jan. 25, postponed to date to be announced later.

"MOR Jokai," the great 19th century Hungarian author, will be the subject of a talk* by Mr. A. L. Lloyd on Monday, January 24, at 7 p.m., at Collet's Book Gallery, 44 & 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Adm. free. Arr. by British Hungarian Friendship Soc., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. *Pictorial & book exhibits.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 25, J. Hutton Hynd, "Poetry and Political Propaganda" (Readings from Burns, born 25.1.1759). Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Jan. 21, John Platts-Mills, "Has Russia Contributed to Peace?" Jan. 28, Miss Anne Kennedy-Wilson, "The Lure of Jazz." Adm. free.

J. HUTTON Hynd: "Is Conscience a Reliable Guide?" The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun, January 23, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ACADEMY House, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Tel. PARk 7379. Mon., January 24, 8 p.m. Walter Adams on "University Education in the British Colonies." Adm. 2s. 6d. Members free. Refreshments.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "The Problem of Distance in Sex Behaviour": Paul Rom, L. ès L., D.E.S. Thurs. Jan. 27, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-mems. 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns. W.11. Open every Friday. 6.30 p.m. Russian Conversation, play reading. Fri. Jan. 21, 8 p.m. M. V. Dobujinsky, "World of Art." Jan. 28, 8 p.m. Dr. Zernov, "Russian Intelligentsia at beginning 20th Cent."

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public lecture, Wednesday, January 26, 6.30 p.m. "A New Approach to Suffering." Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

MENTAL & Emotional Self-Mastery through training system incorporating Eastern & Western techniques of Yoga & Auto Hypnosis. Introductory talk by William J. Ousby (recently returned from India). 6.30, Thurs., Jan. 27, Conway Hall, W.C.1.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. January 23: "The Meaning of Pain."

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. Lola Paulsen on "Personal Relationships," Conway Hall, Tuesday, January 25, at 7.30 p.m.

"HYPHEN." Any Questions answered by Parl. candidates of 3 Parties. Adm. 1s. 6d. 57 Eton Av., N.W.3. Jan. 23, 7.45 p.m.

TUESDAY, Jan. 25, 8 p.m. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., Piccadilly, W.1. Israel Brains Trust. Panel: Rt. Hon. J. Griffiths, M.P. (just returned from Israel); Mr. Gershon Avner, Counsellor to Israel Embassy; Dr. S. Levenberg, Head of Jewish Agency; Miss Reni Langer, Secretary, Pioneer Women. Question Master: Sidney Goldberg, Chairman, Poale Zion.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Jan. 23: Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "The Cult of Isis." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. January 29 at 6 p.m. M. Jean Llasera (Alliance Française): "Principales tendances de la peinture contemporaine," avec projections.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lect., 8.15, Fri., Jan. 28. Dr. Gaur, "India To-day." Chair: Miss Vera Brittain. 62 Queens Gdns., Bayswater.

THOS. Bottomore: "Social Classes in Britain To-day." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Grn., Sun., Jan. 23 at 7.15.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on (i) "Music and Musicology"; (ii) "Music as a Craft," and (iii) "Music as Experience" will be given by Professor J. A. Westrup (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on January 27, February 1 and 8, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

W.E.A. Cent. London Classes (12 weekly meetings) begin: Mon., Jan. 24, The Colonies Today (E. G. Farmer); Wed., Feb. 2, Comparative Religion (W. Arnold Hall). Above two meet 7 p.m., 28 Woburn Sq. W.C.1; Mon., Feb. 21, Workers' Education (Harold C. Shearman); April, Appreciation of Modern Architecture (Miss Mayer). Details from Hon. Sec., 268 Russell Court, W.C.1 or Phone MUSeum 5570.

RACIAL Unity: fortnightly University Extension Lectures, 7 p.m. Mondays, 32 Tavistock Sq. Jan. 24: John Hatch, B.A., "The Colour Problem in South Africa." Members free, sub. 5s.

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## LECTURE COURSES etc.—continued

"OPERA in Britain To-day." 8 public lectures Tues. 6.30, beginning Feb. 1. Introductory survey (Eric Walter White); Composing Opera (discussion between Arthur Benjamin, Lennox Berkeley, P. Racine Fricker, John Gardner, Christopher Hassall); Covent Garden (Patrick Terry); Sadler's Wells (Sumner Austin); Conducting Opera (Norman del Mar); Singing in Opera (Joan Cross); Glyndebourne (John Christie); Some Recent Operas (Desmond Shawe-Taylor). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Tickets and details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1 (WAT. 6872).

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. "The Visual Arts and Judaism." University of London Extension Course of 10 weekly lectures commencing Wed., Jan. 26, at 8 p.m. Lecturer: Dr. J. P. Hodin.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Road, Kensington. Series of weekly lectures (10), Wednesday, 7.30 p.m., beginning Jan. 26, on History of London, by W. F. Grimes and others. Course fee, 7s. 6d.

POLITICS of the Future: Feb. 11-13 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Living Drama." Send a card for details.

"SCIENCE, Art and Religion: Is There a Real Clash?": Speakers—J. B. Priestley (chair.), Prof. C. H. Waddington, Jacquetta Hawkes, L. A. G. Strong, Kathleen Nott, E. M. Mendelson. Progressive League week-end Conference: Bracklesham Bay Hotel, near Chichester, February 18-20. Fees: members 57s. 6d., non-members 65s. (single rooms 5s. extra). Apply Conference Organiser, 2 Antrim House, Antrim Rd., N.W.3 (PRImrose 4103.)

ESSEX Education Committee. Wansfell Residential College for Adults, Theydon Bois, Epping, Essex. Tel.: Theydon Bois 3027. Residential Week-end Courses: January 28-30, 1955, Philosophy of Science: Man and the Order of Nature; February 4-6, 1955, Effective Speaking in Public; February 25-27, 1955, For Pipers and String Players; February 18-20, 1955: Casting Week-end for Drama Festival. May 25-June 5, Drama Festival. Fee 40s. (weekend), £6 10s. for Drama Festival. Details from Warden.

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**LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on page 119**

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